

TRUST NO ONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - SUNSET

An infinite sky, ablaze with color along the western horizon, roofs the vacant desert floor. Razor-sharp rock formations silhouette the outer edges of the Arizona landscape.

But through the vast ocean of space, two people trek single file. DREW KAPLAN (10), in front, and her dad, MARK KAPLAN(35). Mark is athletic, dark complexioned, with a six-day stubble of beard. Drew has deep honey-toned skin and a mop of dark curls.

They hike a cactus-lined trail toward the distant campground on the northwestern ridge -- sure they will beat the sinking sun.

They play their favorite game.

MARK

*Indian Jones and the Temple of
"Shrooms"?*

DREW

Da-a-a-d! Very funny. That's 1984.
Come on...

MARK

Hmmm... Lemme see... What about...
All the President's Men.

DREW

Nooo... Geez, Dad. Not 1976. 1956.
Want a hint?

MARK

Nope. I'll get it... "Just as sure
as the turnin' of the earth."

DREW

Yep. You got it!

MARK

I'll bet you can't get 1977.

DREW

Duh. *A New Hope.*

MARK

OK then, Princess Leia. 1949?

DREW

Hmmm... Lemme see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew pretends she's stumped as they hike in silence, swigging in unison from their canteens. She pulls a plastic sandwich bag from her shorts pocket and grabs a fistful of trail mix.

MARK

Want a hint?

DREW

Nope.

Suddenly, Drew stops. She turns around and looks toward the eastern horizon.

DREW (CONT'D)

Dad... look... rain.

Mark turns and looks. LIGHTENING FIRES ACROSS THE DESERT. They silently count the seconds: one thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three... CRACK. CRACK CRACK CRACK.

They whirl back around to eye their campground -- too far away to risk the gauntlet of a desert lightning field. The sand KICKS UP.

Mark pulls their windbreakers out of his backpack. They put them on as he 360s the sky and eyes the trail through the nearby rocky hills to the south. He pulls out his trail map and compass. Gets oriented.

MARK

Here's the deal, tiger. We're gonna have to go to Plan B.

DREW

Ok... What's Plan B?

MARK

Angela Two Ponies... Come on sport! South by Southwest!

DREW

(rallying)

OK, Carey Grant.

Hand-in-hand, they hightail it toward the southwest hills.

They feel the first raindrops... THEN A FULL DELUGE BREAKS OVER THEM and the RAT-A-TAT-TATTING OF THE RAIN pelts their windbreakers.

On the run, under a fierce and falling gunmetal-gray sky, Drew tries to stifle her rising panic...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

Dad?

Mark

We're OK, honey. Don't be afraid.

DREW

But are you sure we're going the right way?

MARK

Yep. Because we got these.

Mark holds up the map and compass. Above the din:

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm the pilot.

DREW

I'm the copilot.

MARK

What do we trust?

DREW

Our instruments!

MARK

Through every storm, kiddo. Every storm...

As they reach the rocky hills, A WHITE BURST OF LIGHTENING RIPS ACROSS THE PATH. THEN A SHATTERING HAMMER OF THUNDER. Drew clutches Mark, afraid to let go.

Mark checks the map then the compass. He shows Drew. Together they see the needle points North. Above the din:

MARK (CONT'D)

Which way, Drew?

Drew points in the right direction. Mark gives her a thumbs up. They grab hands... and press on through the waning light and waxing storm.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - APACHE TRIBE - NIGHT

Lights from the small settlement of ramshackle houses FLICKER through the storm. Mark and Drew approach a shoe-box mishmash of corrugated metal siding and adobe. A nearby carport holds a wood pile, tarp-covered forms, and a white 1971 GMC pickup truck. Barely visible: Arizona license plate, CB-TNO487.

INT. ANGELA TWO PONIES'S HOUSE - APACHE TRIBE - NIGHT

Mark, Drew, and ANGELA TWO PONIES (30s), a curvy, Hopi school teacher, sit together on straight-back wooden chairs in front of a Franklin Stove. Mark and Drew wear Angela's funky dry clothes. The three drink hot tea from mugs. Drew happily slips cookies from a bag lying on a side table. A TV DRONES from another room. Rain PELTS the metal roof.

ANGELA

You two can go ahead and bunk in my room.

MARK

No. That's OK. I'll sleep on the couch. You two girls take the bed.

ANGELA

Alright, love. Thanks.

(to Drew)

OK, sunshine, why don't you go get ready for bed, you've had a big day. I'll be in soon.

Drew gets up and kisses Angela.

DREW

Thanks, Aunt Angela.

Then hugs Mark good night.

DREW (CONT'D)

Good Plan B, Dad.

As Drew heads to the bedroom, Mark and Angela exchange a look that says, "We've done this before."

Angela and Mark kick back in front of the fire, drinking whiskey. And sharing a cigar.

MARK

He actually trusted a doctor?

ANGELA

Yeah. The old prairie dog finally got it set.

(beat)

So... what about you? How are you and Drew holding up?

MARK

Hmm... we're good.

Mark closes his eyes. Emotional retreat. Reluctant to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Well, it's been... what... about a year now? Time helps, right? Plus you've got your work... I see your byline everywhere.

He opens his eyes. Then looks at Angela, two parts affection, one part desire. She feels his look. Enjoys it. Gets up and walks to the fridge. A 1998 Michael Jackson calendar hangs on the wall.

She opens the fridge. On the top shelf: a gun.

She takes an ice tray out of the freezer. Mark heads to the kitchenette. He takes the tray from her hand and wrangles out a few cubes. Close, they linger for a moment.

MARK

Yeah. Thanks. My work keeps me going. Keeps me sane. I guess.

ANGELA

Well, if you weren't out there, I don't know who I'd trust.

MARK

Yeah... well... maybe that's why Laurie split. Looking for somebody who'd stick around. But you know, truthfully? I'm happy for her. She's a free spirit.

Mark easily slips his arm around Angela's shoulder as they lean against the kitchen counter sipping their drinks. His face shows his concern.

MARK (CONT'D)

Drew's the one having a hard time.
(drawing a long breath)
Laurie leaving like that...

ANGELA

I know. Give her time... She'll get past it. She'll forgive Laurie one day. Kids bounce back.

Mark glances over to the dying fire. He sets his glass on the counter top.

MARK

Lemme get some more wood.

Angela smiles. The intimacy of the moment passes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Wait... Here... Take this.

Angela opens the fridge, grabs the gun, and gives it to Mark.

MARK

Really?

ANGELA

Really.

Mark opens the front door. A harder rain now PELTS the metal roof. Darkness envelops him as he steps out.

Angela pokes the embers with an old nine iron. She seems content, lost in her thoughts as she gazes at the fire.

GUNSHOTS break the spell. BANG. BANG BANG.

MARK (O.S.)

Goddammit!

Mark BURSTS through the door. He holds his ankle.

MARK (CONT'D)

Frickin' rattler!

Mark plops down on the small couch and struggles his shoe and sock off his right foot as Angela goes to a drawer and pulls out a small knife. She hands him the knife then grabs the telephone from the kitchen wall. She dials and waits...

MARK (CONT'D)

Geez... Dammit.

ANGELA (INTO PHONE)

We need your help. Mark got bit.

Angela hangs up and turns to Mark as Drew stumbles sleepily into the living room.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He heard the shots. He's on his way.

Drew sees Mark tie his calf with a leather belt while blood oozes from his ankle into a dish towel.

DREW

Oh my God, Dad, what happened?!

MARK

It's gonna be OK, tiger. Goddamned baby rattler got me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela kneels beside Mark.

ANGELA

Let me suck it out.

She puts her mouth on the wound. Mark tries to stop her, but he's weak and falls back. She sucks and spits into the towel, businesslike, unruffled.

INT. WHITE 1971 GMC PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Through a dirty windshield to the bumpy dirt road, rutted with mud from last night's rain, the road stretches to the horizon. Desert surrounds.

Apache CHIEF BENJAMIN (50s), stout, an eye-patch over his right eye, drives. The dirty cast on his left arm rests on the door of the open window. The cast sports a heart and arrow that says, "A & CB." He alternately steers and shifts with his right hand.

Drew sits shotgun. They are familiar and comfortable with each other. An easy stretch of silence passes.

DREW

Uncle Benjamin? Did you save my dad's life with those leaves and stuff?

CHIEF BENJAMIN

(chuckles)

Me? No, little brave. The snakebite kit saved his life. And aunt Angela.

Drew pokes her head out the window and lets the breeze blow through her hair and wash her face of worry. Chief Benjamin glances over at Drew more than once to size her up.

CHIEF BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

I'm really proud of you.

DREW

You are? Why?

CHIEF BENJAMIN

You showed a lot of character... weathering that storm then staying by your dad's side last night.

Drew turns around and looks through the cab window. Mark and Angela lie on mats in the bed of the truck, laughing. The bandage on Mark's ankle bulges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew
What's character?

CHIEF BENJAMIN
What you draw up from that deep
well inside of you... when life
gets tough.

DREW
(processing)
Oh. Dad says you're really smart.

CHIEF BENJAMIN
Well, I didn't go to college,
little brave, but I did attend
adversity university. Still do.
Everyone does. And we all take a
character test every day. Last
night you passed. You got what it
takes.
(long pause)
We're almost out of gas.

Drew looks at the gas gauge. The needle points to Full.

DREW
Huh?

CHIEF BENJAMIN
Oh, you can't go by that... been
broken for years. You gotta feel
it. Here, I'll show you.

Chief Benjamin FLOORS IT TO 75. He and Drew cut loose with
WHOOPEES and WAHOOS that mix with HOOTS and HOLLERS from
Angela and Mark, all venting their pent-up emotions.

A mile later, the truck DIES. Gas tank empty. Chief Benjamin
cruises to a stop at the side of the road.

CHIEF BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
What'd I tell ya. Grab that gas can
in the back of the truck and filler
up.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Drew and Mark stand arm-in-arm. Mark leans on the nine iron.
They stand in front of their silver Air Stream.

Angela takes their picture. She hands Mark back his camera,
and they hug warmly. Drew hugs her too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chief Benjamin waits in the truck. Angela climbs in, and they wave goodbye as they pull onto the dirt road.

Drew and Mark turn to walk toward the Air Stream. Mark hobbles slightly.

DREW
Dad?

MARK
Yeah, tiger?

DREW
I know the answer.

MARK
Oh yeah? The answer to what?

DREW
You know. 1949.

MARK
(he knows she knows)
No you don't.

They climb the two steps and enter their Air Stream. As the door closes...

DREW (O.S.)
The Fountainhead.

MARK (O.S.)
OK, Dominique. 1942.

DREW (O.S.)
Gee, tough one, Dad.

MARK (O.S.)
Want a hint?

DREW (O.S.)
Nope.

The silver Air Stream GLEAMS in the sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA - LECTURE
HALL - DAY

SUPER: 25 YEARS LATER

The blinding silver gleam of the retro Air Stream trailer in Arizona dissolves into the gentle twilight gleam of the modernist rooftop of the two-story Villa dall'Ava in Paris. The soothing blue rooftop lap pool shimmers. The Eiffel Tower sits totemic-like in the distance.

DREW (O.S.)

Poetic and sensual -- as well as intellectual -- Rem Koolhaas's 1991 Villa dall'Ava riffs on Le Corbusier's 1928 Villa Savoye. Rem doubles down on chic and whimsy.

The camera pulls back... to reveal an image projected onto a large screen on the stage where Drew, now 35, her hair long, her outfit black, lectures to a three-quarter-full auditorium of students about architecture.

Drew juxtaposes the shot of the Villa dall'Ava with a shot of the Villa Savoye. Pauses. Then next slide: the Congress station on the Nordpark Cable Railway in Innsbruck, Austria.

DREW (CONT'D)

And then, of course, one of Rem's students, who worked with him at OMA. Like Rem, brave, hyper-modern, original. But less planar, more figurative and sculptural. A 3-dimensional manifesto of the power of... yes... "Control and Soul."

The audience MURMURS their appreciation of Drew's signature line. She powerpoints hyper-speed through slides of other buildings by Iraqi-born woman Zaha Hadid, whose name and face appear in a sidebar throughout Drew's presentation. The slides end on a shot of Hadid's BMW factory in Leipzig, Germany.

DREW (CONT'D)

Miles Davis said, "Great musicians are like great fighters. They have a higher sense of theory going on in their heads." Ditto for great architects. Like Rem and Zaha. But unlike a car, great buildings add up to more than cool aesthetics and great production values... to more than we see with our eyes...

(long pause, shifting from heavy to light)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

But I would like to lay my eyes on
Zaha's buildings for real some
day... and swim in Rem's pool...
Thank you.

Students applaud. Many stand. Even some faculty.

SAMUEL GUNN (32), bearded, outdoorsy and flanneled -- is busy
texting on his Android at the back of the lecture hall.

DREW (CONT'D)

Thanks, guys. Thanks... I couldn't
ask for a warmer show of
appreciation... for my last lecture
her at UVA... I love teaching,
teaching is an art, and I hope to
teach somewhere else soon...
Galileo said, "We cannot teach
people anything, we can only help
them discover it within
themselves." I hope I've helped you
discover some things about
architecture... deep within
yourselves.

She pauses. Caught up in the moment. She drops her head and
close her eyes. Doesn't want to lose it. The weight of
something heavier on her heart than leaving UVA overtakes
her. She rallies. INHALES then EXHALES as an idea dawns:

DREW (CONT'D)

So... I know most of you are moving
on too. And wherever you land after
you get your degree next month,
remember life is a character test.
And you can pass it. "Just as sure
as the turnin' of the earth," as
Ethan says in *The Searchers*.

EXT. SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Flanked by several of her students and Samuel Gunn, Drew
exits the building into an afternoon rainstorm. She puts her
umbrella up then sees local Virginia news vans and a group of
reporters with cameras.

A LOCAL REPORTER sticks a microphone in Drew's face.

LOCAL REPORTER

Professor Kaplan, do you have any
comment about the reports of your
father's death?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW IS STUNNED. Disoriented. Rain PELTS her umbrella. LIGHTNING FLASHES. And the deep-bass sound track of the rainstorm RUMBLES... then BOOMS.

INT. SAMUEL GUNN'S LOFT - DAY

The loft, above the off-campus Charlottesville Mo

hawk Movie Theater (the back of the sign visible through the front window), feels lived-in, comfortable, messy. On the wall: color prints of lunar landscapes, a topographical map of California's Sierra Nevada Mountains, and a black-and-white Ansel Adams poster.

Drew and Samuel sit on the worn sofa, a Mexican blanket draped over the back. Samuel holds her hand, comforting her. Drew's eyes are red from crying. She holds an iPhone.

We see CNN on Samuel's retro 30-inch Sony CRT TV. The inset image shows Mark Kaplan with the headline: "Controversial Arab-American journalist Mark Kaplan reported dead."

DREW
 (at the TV, furious)
 What?! Arab-American?! He's
 American!
 (pause)
 And he isn't Arab! And so what if
 we were?!
 (getting a grip)
 He's Turkish. At least my
 grandparents were when they --

SAMUEL
 I know, Drew. But you've gotta
 focus. Your mom said --

They see Drew on TV. Footage from earlier that afternoon.

Drew grabs the remote from the gnarled-wood-topped coffee table and turns up the sound. We see the replay of Drew's stunned response to the reporter.

LOCAL REPORTER (ON TV)
 Oh. I thought you knew.

DREW (ON TV)
 (stunned, disoriented)
 What about... my father's?... No...
 That can't be true... I don't
 know... Just please. I can't
 comment...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew on TV pushes past the reporters.

LOCAL REPORTER (ON TV)

There you have the emotional reaction from a daughter upon hearing the news of her father's death in the Middle East. Mark Kaplan, the controversial left-wing investigative reporter and author of two books on government corruption, often found himself in hot water.

CNN cuts to CNN REPORTER interviewing Drew's mother, LAURIE DUKES (50), in front of her Alpine-style house.

CNN REPORTER (ON TV)

While reports are still sketchy, Kaplan's former editors at *Rolling Stone*, *The Village Voice*, and *The Nation* have all declined to comment until more information becomes available. Kaplan's ex-wife, noted political activist and poet Laurie Dukes, met with reporters earlier today in front of her mountain home in Telluride, Colorado. She had this to say:

LAURIE (ON TV)

...didn't want him to write about what he was digging into.

CNN REPORTER (ON TV)

What do you mean? What was he digging into?

LAURIE (ON TV)

Maybe somebody should ask Congressman Hale Abernathy...

Drew's iPhone rings. She looks at the caller ID and mutes the TV. She leans into Samuel and answers, putting it on speakerphone so Samuel can hear.

DREW (TO SPEAKERPHONE)

I just saw you on CNN...

LAURIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

I love you, baby... we're gonna get through this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

I just can't believe this is happening.

LAURIE

Good. Don't believe it. Not yet. I never believe anything the government says. And especially not about your dad.

Drew rolls her eyes at Samuel, as if to say, "typical."

Drew

I know, Mom. Right. Listen... I'm wiped out. Why don't we talk tomorrow.

LAURIE

OK, angel. Get some sleep. Stay at Samuel's tonight. Don't be alone. Once we get through this, we're gonna talk about those bastards at UVA. You know very well why you were passed over.

DREW

(disconsolate)

OK, Mom. Thanks. We'll talk tomorrow.

Drew hits the end-call button. She continues to stare at her iPhone.

DREW (CONT'D)

I guess I'll go home.

We now see what Drew sees, what she's staring at: her iPhone wallpaper: The shot that Angela Two Ponies took 25 years ago of Drew and Mark in front of their Air Stream.

EXT. DREW'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Drew and Samuel walk slowly along the tree-lined sidewalk bordering Drew's lawn. Drew: emotionally withdrawn. Samuel: better with rocks than people. They're not holding hands.

They turn from the sidewalk onto the brick path that leads to the front door. A warm light burns over the broad, covered porch.

As they take the first step to the porch, they're STARTLED by the headlights of a nondescript blue sedan that slowly pulls into the driveway, CHURNING UP gravel.

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CONTINUED:

A body-builder-type guy closing in on 40, wearing a light-colored suit, AGENT TERRANCE AMES, climbs out of the car and strides to the foot of the porch steps, holds up his ID.

AGENT AMES
Drew Kaplan?

DREW
Yes.

AGENT AMES
Agent Terrance Ames. So sorry if I startled you.

Androgynous AGENT MARY BETH CRANDALL (40s), as drab as her pants suit, gets out of the car and joins Ames. She flashes her ID.

AGENT AMES (CONT'D)
This is agent Mary Beth Crandall.
We're here to talk to you about your father.

SAMUEL
(protective)
What kind of agents?

AGENT AMES
We're from the Justice Department.
Please forgive the late hour. I know this has been a tough day for you.

Agent Ames starts up the steps.

AGENT AMES (CONT'D)
Can we come in?

DREW
I guess.

Agents Ames and Crandall take the few steps to the porch and stand back as Drew fishes her keys from her purse. Samuel stands directly behind her, serving as a buffer between Drew and the agents.

Drew unlocks the door and reaches in to flip on the lights.

INT. DREW'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The quartet single-files over the threshold into the small IKEA-modern living room. Agents Ames and Crandall step no farther, but eye the spare room.

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CONTINUED:

Drew tosses her purse and black cardigan sweater on the couch. She and Samuel stand in front of the metal bookshelf loaded with art books. Drew's arms folded.

DREW
So, what's up?

AGENT AMES
Well, first, of course, we'd like to offer our condolences. We're sorry for your loss... but... since you're next of kin, we need you to come up to DC and identify your father's body.

SAMUEL
(his arm around Drew)
I'll go too.. You don't have to do this alone.

DREW
(to Ames)
When? I mean... his body is in DC?

Ignoring her question, Agent Ames steps to the fireplace and picks up from the mantel the a framed photo of an impish Drew at six or seven nestled between her smiling parents: all-American blond Laurie and dark-haired, cinnamon-toned Mark.

AGENT AMES
(setting the frame back)
Nice.
(pause)
If you could come up tomorrow. We know it's short notice. But we need to get things --

DREW
Fine. I'll come tomorrow. Just tell me when and where.

INT. MORGUE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Drew, Agents Ames and Crandall, and a PATHOLOGIST stand together in a cold, institutional room. A toe-tagged body on a gurney lies before them, draped by a sheet.

Agent Ames rests his hand on Drew's shoulder. She shivers and pulls her black cardigan sweater from her oversize purse. She puts the cardigan on and hugs it to herself.

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CONTINUED:

AGENT AMES

Ms. Kaplan, I'm sorry... this isn't going to be pleasant. He... well, he went through a pretty rough time.

DREW

Just... Let's get on with it.

On Agent Ames's nod, the pathologist pulls back the sheet to reveal the head and torso.

Drew recoils then steels herself to look. She sees the slightly disfigured face, but presentable, a bullet wound visible in his neck. His dark hair has been shaved off. The body is covered in burn Marks and wounds. She sees the remnants of a tattoo on his left arm.

DREW (CONT'D)

Pegasus.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CORONADO HOTEL, SAN DIEGO - BEACH - DAY

In colorful swimsuits, 14-year-old Drew and 46-year-old Mark throw a frisbee on a crowded beach.

Drew makes a spectacular catch of a frisbee the wind has hijacked toward the ocean. They LAUGH and YES!

Back-dropped by the Pacific, the calm horizon line, the hypnotic RHYTHM of the waves, and the vast expanse of sand, Drew gets up, brushes off, and throws the frisbee back.

As Mark gages the frisbee's flight pattern, positions himself and waits, he takes off his shirt and tosses it to the sand, revealing his left bicep. And his Pegasus tattoo.

Mark catches the frisbee. Drew runs to him. Still LAUGHING, they SLAP high 5.

MARK

How 'bout one more, tiger?

DREW

OK, Dad!

Drew goes long, scampers along the sand parallel to the shore. Mark throws the frisbee. It sails way over Drew's head. But she stays with it... running as fast as she can.

BACK TO - INT. MORGUE - DAY

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CONTINUED:

AGENT AMES

I know it's tough... but, uh...

Drew walks around the gurney and lifts the sheet to look at Mark's right ankle.

Startled, but doing her best to hide it, she focuses on the toe tag. She stands there, reading it over and over. Then looks back at Mark's ankle just to be sure. Agent Ames joins her. He gently removes the tag from her hand.

AGENT AMES (CONT'D)

They did blood tests. And a dental check. Just to make sure. But we're gonna need your signature...

Drew turns to him and looks at him blankly. She then looks back to the body. She closes her eyes. Numb. After a few seconds, she opens them and nods.

EXT. MORGUE - DAY

A D.C. taxi sits at the curb. Samuel, the CABBIE, and freelance journalist BLAKE WEST (35), charismatic, an easy smile, sporting Oakley's and a San Francisco Giants cap, shoot the breeze as they wait for Drew to come out of the morgue.

Drew exits the building, alongside Agents Ames and Crandall. Samuel and the two agents acknowledge each other with a nod before the agents head down the street, away from the taxi.

Drew walks toward the taxi. Samuel holds his arm out to draw her to him. Blake straightens up and approaches her.

BLAKE

Ms. Kaplan? Blake West. I'm a journalist. I'd like to talk to you about your dad and --

DREW

Not now... I'm sorry... I don't have anything to say.

Drew climbs into the taxi and ignores Blake, left standing on the sidewalk. Samuel climbs in after her and just before he shuts the door...

SAMUEL

(to Blake, sincerely)
Sorry, man... maybe another time...

INT. TAXI - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Drew settles into the back seat without so much as a backward glance to Blake. She leans into Samuel, but says nothing. He is also silent. He holds her hand. She withdraws and pulls her iPhone from her purse and punches in Laurie Dukes's speed dial. She waits to hear the TONE then leaves a message.

DREW

Mom? It's me. I just left the morgue. I identified Dad's body. Call me as soon as you can... I need... I need to talk with you.

She leans back clearly agitated.

SAMUEL

Wanna talk about it?

Drew looks at the cabbie, then back to Samuel, considering. After a few moments, she pulls out a hard candy and slowly unwraps it. She pops it in her mouth.

DREW

I need to think. I'm not sure yet what to do.

Samuel squeezes her hand. Still wrapped in her black cardigan -- in black from top to bottom -- she puts on her black sunglasses. Turning away from Samuel, she looks out the window. She powers it down and feels the humid late-spring breeze wash over her.

Note: Her sunglasses look chic, but she has a blind-spot for color when it comes to choosing threads and accessories that suit her warm skin tone, brown hair, and hazel eyes.

She dresses in black, the badge of the architect in-crowd. But black drains her face of its healthy-looking golden glow. As an architect, she's visual -- but she can't see herself.

And her choices style-wise say "group-think control" more than "confident-explorer soul." She's no more at home in her outer appearance than she is in her heart.

As the taxi winds its way through traffic and passes the Jefferson Memorial, Drew closes her eyes and concentrates. She fiddles with the one thing she's wearing that isn't black: her gold necklace.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CORONADO HOTEL - BEACH - DAY

Drew slogs through the sand back to Mark with the frisbee. She's crying. Distraught.

DREW
I lost my necklace, Dad. The one
you and Mom gave me.

Mark
It isn't lost, Drew. It's here
somewhere. Let's take a moment.
Let's trust our instruments.

DREW
(through her tears)
You're so ESP, Dad.

MARK
I know. But whattaya got to lose?

Brushing away her tears, Drew closes her eyes and relaxes. So does Mark. In a few moments, she gets up, walks over to Mark's shirt lying on the sand, reaches in the pocket, and takes out the necklace.

DREW
Found it, Dad.

MARK
How 'bout them apples.

They high 5 then hug.

RETURN TO - INT. TAXI - DAY

Drew turns to Samuel.

DREW
It's OK... I'm gonna be OK.

Samuel touchscreens through his Android.

SAMUEL
Of course you are... You always
find a way...

EXT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D.C. - TRACKSIDE - DAY

Drew stands on the platform waiting for her train. Trains SOUNDTRACK the EERIE BLUR, CONFUSION, and SAD DEEP HUM she feels inside. She hits a speed dial on her iPhone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
(above the ambient noise)
Hello, Sasha?... Yes... Thank
you... Sorry, I can't hear you...
Say it again?

She walks along the platform seeking a stronger signal.

DREW (CONT'D)
Oh, you have no idea... Look, I
need your help. I'm in D.C., but
I'm gonna jump on a train to New
York tonight. I've gotta meet with
Dad's attorney tomorrow morning to
open the will... uh-huh... Yeah...
Right. I'll see you there at 8:00.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NYC - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Drew walks through the cavernous main hall, bustling with commuters. She pauses to look up at the constellation-etched ceiling then climbs the stairs to the west side exit on 43rd Street. She carries a small overnight bag.

EXT. 43RD STREET - NIGHT

Drew crosses 5th Avenue. Numb to the STRIDENT SOUNDS of the city, she turns to marvel at the Chrysler Building. Then turns back and continues her stride to the Princeton Club, half a block away. She sees the club's trademark orange flag with a black "P."

INT. PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK - TIGER BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Drew enters and surveys the room. She spies SASHA KRUGER (60s), an androgynous-looking professor of architecture. Drew speeds to Sasha's booth. Sasha gets up. They hug.

Unlike Drew, Sasha looks ideal in black. It matches her chilly exterior and cold eyes. Surprise: She's got a warm voice.

SASHA
Drew... I'm so sorry... What a
nightmare.

Drew
Thank you. It is.

They slide into the booth. Two women in black, like architects at a funeral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ancient WAITER ambles to the table.

SASHA
(to the waiter)
I'll have another martini.
(to Drew)
Your usual?

DREW
I guess. Sure.
(to the waiter)
Ginger ale and cranberry juice...
and three cherries. Please.

The waiter ambles off.

SASHA
OK, honey. Tell me.

DREW
I don't know where to start. I'm so
angry... baffled. In shock...
(suddenly self-aware, wry)
All 12 steps at once, you know.
Like a bad Picasso.

SASHA
Well, I'll tell you where to start.
You got screwed by those MFers at
UVA. And we're gonna do something
about it. Land you a better gig
somewhere else.

The waiter appears at the table. Silently, slowly, he sets
their drinks down. They wait for him to leave before speaking
again. Comic relief, they can't help smile, and exchange a
look that says, "hilarious." When the waiter finally leaves:

DREW
Well, whatever. I'm out of work.
But forget that. That seems like
such a champagne problem now. I
mean... Do you have any idea what
it's like to identify your parent's
body?

Drew starts to break down. Tears flow.

DREW (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

SASHA
It's OK, sweetie. Cry... and cry
some more. Just let it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew blows her nose and tries to pull it together.

DREW

I'm sorry.

They glance toward the stone-faced waiter. Drew buries her face in her hands.

DREW (CONT'D)

You have no idea.

SASHA

It's OK, sweetie.

Drew stops crying. Sucks it up. Looks around and lowers her voice.

DREW

I don't think so.

SASHA

Well, I know. You have to do the will and... and there'll be a funeral --

DREW

No, Sasha. That's not what I mean. It isn't OK. Something's wrong. Something doesn't feel right.

(long pause)

The body I saw in the morgue?
(she shakes her head from side to side)

SASHA

What?

DREW

(long pause)

That wasn't my dad.

INT. PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK - GUEST ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

Drew takes her morning shower. She lets the hot water run through her hair and down her head to wash away the confusion and emotional pain.

INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Drew is dressing in the tiny room. A flat-panel TV MURMURS in the background -- "Democracy Now!" hosted by AMY GOODMAN:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY GOODMAN (ON TV)
...passed the Senate earlier in the week. And those are some of the headlines. This is Democracy Now, the war and peace report. I'm Amy Goodman. We now turn to reports of the death of noted investigative journalist and New York Times best-selling author Mark Kaplan. Kaplan disappeared last week in Damascus, Syria, where he was pursuing a story about the US private security firm Q-Force.

Drew sits on the bed to watch. She continues absent-mindedly dressing.

AMY GOODMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
We are joined now by investigative journalist and contributing editor to the The Nation magazine, Blake West. Blake won wide-spread acclaim for his book Burning City, published in January. He recently turned his investigative attention to the Kaplan disappearance. Blake West, welcome.

Drew pauses and focuses on the TV. She realizes Blake West is the same guy who approached her outside the morgue yesterday.

BLAKE WEST (ON TV)
Kaplan's photographer, Adjo Haji, in Damascus, was supposed to help me set up a meeting with Kaplan, but before we could arrange it, Haji disappeared. Then Kaplan fell off the radar too...

She flips off the TV, picks up her overnight bag, and heads out the door.

INT. JAMES BAXTER'S LAW OFFICE - LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

A sloppy rabbit-warren space. JAMES BAXTER (70s), a burly lawyer, wearing a natty suit. He bristles with energy. Dirty windows look out to the Hudson River and Manhattan skyline.

Drew sits, facing Baxter. She's holding a sheaf of papers.

JAMES BAXTER
And that's the long and the short of it, young lady.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES BAXTER (CONT'D)

YouR pass go, and then you collect
one million big ones.

Drew, withdrawn and stoic, barely blinks.

JAMES BAXTER (CONT'D)

I guess your mom's got all the art
and books out there in Telluride.
But they're all yours now.

They sit looking at each other. Drew fidgets.

DREW

So are you still his lawyer? Or are
you, my lawyer? Our lawyer? I mean,
do you and I have attorney-client
privilege?

Baxter stands, towering over her.

JAMES BAXTER

Of course. Absolutely.

DREW

What if my dad's not really dead?
I mean... what if --

JAMES BAXTER

Well, he is, Drew. I mean... you
identified the body yourself.

DREW

But what if... I mean, just as a
hypothetical... What if somehow I
was wrong. By mistake or...
something. Would it be illegal for
me to take the insurance money?

James Baxter's look narrows as he regards her.

JAMES BAXTER

If you think you're wrong...

Drew looks wary. She regroupes.

DREW

Oh, you know. It's just all so... I
don't know... overwhelming.

Drew stands up. She slips the folder he's given her into her
purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

Well, thanks. I'll call if I need to talk... I don't know...

She picks up her overnight bag and heads to the door. He's close behind. He opens the door for her and starts to walk out with her, but she turns back, bringing him up short.

DREW (CONT'D)

That's OK. I can find my way.

And she's gone. Baxter watches her. His look is dark.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Drew nestles next to the window. She's got both seats to herself. She's on her iPhone, talking in hushed tones.

DREW

...a lot of money... But if he isn't dead... No... No, I didn't tell her or Samuel... Yes, I told her about the money. But if I tell my mom about the body in the morgue, she'll have it all over the news. Government conspiracies? Are you kidding? That's what she...

She struggles her black cardigan out of her overnight bag.

DREW (CONT'D)

I don't know. I just didn't feel like telling him. He... No, I do. I do love him... It's just that...

Her iPhone goes dead. No signal. She SIGHS, frustrated. Her iPhone VIBRATES. She answers.

DREW (CONT'D)

Hi... so... right. I know. But if I use this money to get to the bottom of what's happened to my dad? That's not dishonest, right?... And what if I find out he's still alive... I could just give the money back... Hello? Sasha?

She gives up. She drops her iPhone into her lap. She plumps up her black cardigan for a pillow and rests her head against the window, resigned to the futility of trying to get a good cell connection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then her iPhone LIGHTS up. VIBRATES. She has a text message. She sits up, scrolls down to read Sasha's text...

SASHA (TEXT)
*d? idk about \$\$\$ but idk "walker,
 there is no path, you make the path
 as you walk"... so take a step and
 make your path... ily, call 2nite*

Drew manages a faint smile. She turns off her iPhone and again leans into her black sweater against the window. Closes her eyes... then opens them... and gazes trance-like at the landscape racing by.

The CLICKITY-CLACK BEAT of the train fills the compartment.

EXT. SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE, UVA - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Drew approaches the 24-hour illuminated building then enters.

INT. SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Drew walks along the empty tunnel-like hallway to her office door then sees the door ajar. She stops and looks around. Nobody in sight. She slowly pushes the door open... remaining in the hallway... afraid to cross the threshold.

She reaches for the light switch on the inside wall. She flips the switch, and as light floods the room, she steps back, shocked by the sight. The office has been ransacked.

Graffiti scrawls across the far wall. Spray painted hate: "GO HOME, RAGHEAD."

Horrified, she turns and bumps straight into Blake.

DREW
 (gasps)
 You scared the hell out of me!

BLAKE
 Hey, I'm sorry... but...
 (looking into the room)
 What the hell? What happened here?

Together they look into the vandalized room.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 Racist motherfuckers. Let's call
 the police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

No... No... Wait... I don't think so. I mean, what do you seriously think they're going to do about it? And anyway, I *am* leaving. I do have to pack up and "go home."

BLAKE

(weighing their options)
Come on. Let's get outta here.

INT. MUDHOUSE CAFE - NIGHT

Drew and Blake sip coffee at a table for two. Bleary-eyed students mill around. The music is too loud.

BLAKE

And Adjo Haji is gonna meet with me again. But very under the radar. His family had to bribe God knows who to get him out of the country. So I'm leaving tomorrow for Paris.

DREW

(nervous)
You want a scone or anything?
(but witty)
Maybe a croissant?

BLAKE

Cute. No, thanks. I'm good. But you get one if you're hungry... Maybe they can make you a soufflé.

Drew manages a smile. She then looks over her shoulder, casts her eyes on everyone everywhere. Then turns back to Blake.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Look. I'm a journalist. And I'm gonna find out what happened to your dad. Who killed him. That's why I'm gonna meet with Adjo Haji. He knew your dad... And so did I.

DREW

(suspicious)
You knew my dad?

BLAKE

I met him a couple years ago on a panel at NYU. We hit a bar afterward. Cool guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)

He liked movies, right? I remember
he asked me my favorite movie.

DREW

And what did you say?

BLAKE

Chinatown.

DREW

1974.

BLAKE

I dunno, sounds right.

DREW

It is. Why *Chinatown*?

BLAKE

Jake learned the hard way, and I
don't wanna.

He lowers his voice and leans in closer to her.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Your dad ever say anything to you
about the story he was working on
in Damascus? The Three Little Pigs?

Drew shakes her head.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Your dad was onto something big.

DREW

(rolling the dice)
My dad's not dead.

Blake tilts back his chair and regards her. He waits a moment
before letting the chair THUD back down.

BLAKE

But you I.D.'d the body.

DREW

That wasn't my dad.

BLAKE

And you know this... how?

DREW

Oh, they did a lot right. The
tattoo of Pegasus --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
The god of poetry.

DREW
Yep. On his left arm. But he has a
small scar near his right ankle
from a snakebite when I was a kid.
But it isn't on any medical
records. He didn't go to a doctor.

BLAKE
Whoa.

Drew stirs her coffee. Takes a deep breath. Then braves:

DREW
Let me go with you.

BLAKE
No way.

DREW
I know. It's crazy. But look, I got
money. And I don't have anything
else to do. I lost my job, and I
think the "Fox Lies" about my dad,
painting him as an Arab-terrorist
or political traitor had a lot to
do with it. And he's my dad.

Blake studies her. Sizing up the magnitude of the situation.
Sizing up his unnerving attraction to her.

BLAKE
Why would they do that?

DREW
What?

BLAKE
Show you a fake body?

DREW
I don't know.

BLAKE
(long pause)
Let's find out.

EXT. MUDHOUSE CAFE - NIGHT

Agents Ames and Crandall lurk outside.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT, WASHINGTON, D.C. - RUNWAY - DAY

An Airfrance 777 takes off and POWERS into the sky.

INT. AIR FRANCE 777 - NIGHT

Drew sits in a middle seat crammed between two passengers. Blake's book *Burning City* lies unopened on her lap. She looks straight ahead. She's sweaty. Blake, ten rows behind her, types on his laptop.

Drew struggles to get past the passenger in the aisle seat. As she stumbles out of her row, she hurries to the rear of the plane. Blake looks up, surprised to see her as she passes by. She's RETCHING into a paper air-sick bag as she makes her way to the rest room.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - JETWAY - NIGHT

Drew waits for Blake to catch up with her as passengers file past. Drew and Blake join up and walk into the terminal. They're both on their cell phones.

DREW

I will. I'll call you when I know
where I'm staying... Samuel... I
know you're mad... I just don't know
what's up or down at this point...
OK, honey. Me too.

BLAKE

(off his cell phone)
Boyfriend?

DREW

Maybe... girlfriend?

BLAKE

(flirting)
Maybe.

Behind them, interspersed separately among the passengers, Agents Crandall and Ames.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Drew and Blake look out their respective windows at the city lights of Paris.

BLAKE

Ever been here with the boyfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew looks at him and rolls her eyes, as if to say "get a life."

DREW

Other than through my architecture books? I came here with my parents when I was eight... In fact, that's the last trip we ever took together... the three of us.

BLAKE

They divorced?

DREW

Yeah. My mother. She broke his heart... ran off with a performance artist.

(beat... as she looks out
the window)

And my dad ran off with his work.

BLAKE

So who ran off with you?

DREW

I kind of ran between the two of them. I mostly lived with my mom. And I saw my dad... you know... whenever he decided to drop in from some war zone.

BLAKE

But you're close to him, right? I mean, he was e-mailing you right up until he disappeared.

DREW

Real close... um... you know what. I'm not good at talking about this. All I want to do is find out what happened to my dad and get on with ... whatever. With life.

They arrive at the hotel.

INT. LE PETIT FLEUR HOTEL - LOBBY - EVENING

Drew and Blake stand at the seen-better-days reception desk of the Le Petit Fleur, a small hotel on a Paris side street. A middle-aged clerk, EMILE, looks over the register.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Oh, come on, mon ami, Emile. Sil vous plait. You gotta have another room.

EMILE

Mais, non. We have open for you just the one you asked for. The one you like, up top. But no no. We are full up.

(archly, looking at Drew)

Monsieur West, you cannot make it do, just for one night? Your usual room is for two, no?

Blake and Drew look at each other.

DREW

Fine. I'm too tired to look for another place tonight.

(a beat, then trying not to smile)

Just don't --

BLAKE

In your dreams.

Picking up their bags, Blake and Drew take the few steps across the lobby to the wrought-iron-gated elevator. They step in, and with some effort, Blake gets the door closed. Just as the elevator ascends, Drew, looking down, catches a glimpse through the ornate ironwork of Agent Crandall just outside the hotel entrance.

INT. LE PETIT FLEUR HOTEL - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Drew and Blake squeeze into the darkened room. The room is tiny but the furniture is big. Blake closes the door, and they face each other.

BLAKE

Don't turn on the light.

Blake and Drew stand next to each other, lingering a moment. The dark room and the light filtering through the thin curtain silhouettes them, and Blake looks down at Drew's upturned face. He feels her closeness.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Scale of one to ten, ten being positive, how sure are you it was her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
(suddenly businesslike too)
Eight.

BLAKE
You didn't see her partner?

DREW
Just Crandall.

Blake walks to the French door that opens onto a tiny balcony overlooking the hotel entrance four stories below.

BLAKE
What's she look like?

DREW
You know. You saw her that day when you were talking with Samuel and the cabbie. Remember? Outside the morgue in DC? She and Ames walked out with me?

BLAKE
Oh, yeah. Kind of scary, right?
Bouncer-bruiser type?

DREW
Right.

Blake pulls back the filmy curtain just enough to create a crack along the side that he can peer through to a darkened street with a few people meandering up and down the skinny sidewalks.

Blake
I don't see her.

He steps away from the window.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
We have two choices: Stay here and wait for them to make a move --

DREW
Or jump?

BLAKE
(laughs under his breath)
Yeah. We jump.

He circles back to her and pulls his cell phone from his pocket. He checks the time: 11:30.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Or we split out the back.

Blake looks at Drew's face in the warm half-light, then looks at the bed filling up most of the room. For a long moment, he inhales the scent of her closeness.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
There's a fire escape on the back
of the building. I know where we
can go.

Taking her hand, he opens the door and peers into the dark hallway. Then, pulling her after him, he leans back, flips on the hotel room light, and closes the door behind them.

EXT. LE PETITE FLEUR HOTEL - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The night surrounds Drew and Blake as they climb out the fourth-floor bathroom window onto the fire escape. They CLANK down, each carrying their overnight bag.

Drew jumps first from the bottom rung onto the alley pavement.

Blake tosses down the bags. Then he swings down, dropping onto the alley pavement. When he lands, he trips over his bag and lands on his ass.

Drew moves to help him, but he waves her away. He gets up and brushes himself off elaborately. He squares his shoulders, and looking seductively at her, he cocks an eyebrow...

BLAKE
Bond... James Bond...

She laughs and they pick up their bags. Together they head to the far end of the alley, away from the hotel.

Blake ventures onto the busy main drag and flags a taxi.

Drew emerges from the dark alley a few steps behind him. They climb into the back seat, throwing their bags on either side, not between them. Neither makes adjustments with the luggage that would give them more room.

The taxi moves into the hectic Paris traffic as the night swallows them up.

EXT. METRO STATION - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

As the Paris taxi pulls away. Drew and Blake stand on the dark sidewalk.

BLAKE
Son of a bitch...

DREW
(completely confused)
What just happened?

BLAKE
Ever heard of a New York cabbie who
won't drive into Harlem at night?
(disgusted)
That's what just happened.

Drew and Blake cross the street, carrying their bags. They disappear into the Metro station entrance.

INT. TUNISIA HOTEL - LITTLE AFRICA - DAY

Drew and Blake sprawled across a rumpled, sweaty, double bed in a seedy room with no AC. The shades are drawn against the late afternoon light.

Blake sleeps soundly in his t-shirt and boxer shorts. Drew sleeps against the wall, dressed in last night's clothes. A tiny framed picture of Samuel sits on the pillow, sliding askew into the wall.

The ring from Blakes's cell phone BREAKS the silence. No one moves. The cell phone goes silent. Slowly they stir.

Blake picks up the cell phone and looks at the time.

BLAKE
Damn... it's almost 5:00

Drew begins to come alive, pulling her tight clothes into place, adjusting her bra. She sees Samuel's picture. She picks it up and tucks it under the pillow. Lying back, she closes her eyes.

Blake gets up and taps the playback message. He listens and suddenly becomes alert. He shuts off the cell phone and jostles Drew.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Get up... That was Adjo. We have to
meet him in an hour. Something's
up. He changed the meet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew sits up. She realizes Blake is in his underwear, and she doesn't look away. He pulls out his dopp kit and loads up his toothbrush. He stands at the basin and brushes his teeth.

DREW

Where can I take a shower?

BLAKE

A shower? I dunno.

(spits out the toothpaste
then teases)

You can probably get a cab to the
Ritz.

He turns off the water and turns to her. He tosses her a washcloth and motions toward the rusted porcelain basin on the wall.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Drew Kaplan? Shower. Shower? Drew
Kaplan.

He picks up his jeans from the floor and pulls them on.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Go ahead. You can have the spa to
yourself. I'm gonna go across the
street to get an espresso... I'll
meet you down there. The place with
the red awning... 20 minutes.

As Blake throws on his wrinkled shirt and steps to the door, Drew looks at the basin and then to Blake. As he opens the door to leave, he turns back to Drew. Nodding toward the basin, and suppressing a smile, he looks at her, deadpan.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Don't use up all the hot water.

As Blake makes his exit, Drew's shoe BANGS against the door as it closes.

INT. THE CARAVAN CAFE - LITTLE AFRICA - NIGHT

Drew and Blake enter the Caravan Cafe, a run-down hole-in-the-wall in this North African enclave of Paris. The place is empty except for the owner/cook, who stands at the counter.

Photographer ADJO HAJI (20s), a slightly built Egyptian hovers at a table in the gloomy back room. Everything about him says money.

Nearby, three bodyguards sit at a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When Blake and Drew step into the cafe, the owner looks back to Haji. BODYGUARD #1 comes forward. He says nothing, but he holds up his hand to block Drew from accompanying Blake to the back table.

BLAKE
(to Drew)
No worries... I'll explain.

Drew slips self-consciously into a plastic chair. The owner stands silently. He constantly glances to the street outside.

Blake follows the bodyguard to the back.

Haji rises and the two men hug, kissing on both cheeks. They sit down and Haji looks around Blake to Drew. Moments pass.

Then Blake stands and motions to Drew to come back. Haji stands.

HAJI
It's an honor. Your father talked
about you so often. Please, sit.

Drew sits next to Blake, leaning in to hear the soft-spoken Haji more clearly. Her knee touches Blake's, and they both notice. After a beat, she unobtrusively pulls her knee away.

HAJI (CONT'D)
I don't have much time. I have to
leave Paris tonight. So, first
things first. Your father was my
good friend, Ms. Kaplan.

DREW
Pease. Tell me --

HAJI
He was kidnapped by the same people
who got me.
(takes a moment to maintain
his composure)
Ms. Kaplan, I'm deeply ashamed. I --

BLAKE
(interrupting)
It's OK, man. It happens. Nobody
expects you to --

HAJI
You are kind, West. But I know what
a man should do. Your father
trusted me, Ms. Kaplan. I failed.
Your father...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haji starts to break. The bodyguards look over, concerned.

HAJI (CONT'D)

Forgive me. I broke under their interrogations... and I told them about the video... and where to find your father... I am sorry... I am... I am afraid he is dead because of me.

Drew stays poker-faced.

BLAKE

How do you know he's dead?

DREW

Yes. How do you know for sure?

HAJI

(surprised)

Well, I... I don't know for sure. But I saw on CNN that they returned his body.

BLAKE

So for all you know... first-hand... he could still be alive?

HAJI

If only that were true.

BLAKE

What video?

Haji glances toward the bodyguards. He leans in.

FLASHBACK - INT. BARCELONA HILTON - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

An elegant luxury suite in the high-rise hotel with sliding glass doors that open onto a balcony. Overlooking sweeping views of the Mediterranean. CONGRESSMAN HALE ABERNATHY (70), a lumpy elf with a paunch, sits opposite TWO 'ROILED UP SHINY-BALD HEAVIES (30s). On the balcony, evangelist turned Vegas-wanna-be, CONGRESSMAN LARRY BLOOM (40), yucks it up on the tax-payer's dime with CONGRESSMAN TICK VALENTINE, (80), who's only distinguishing feature is that he looks older than he is. None of these dirtbags have ever found a public trough they couldn't sidle up to.

We hear a knock. HEAVY #1 heads to the door while we hear...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABERNATHY

I hope they're bringing my shrimp.
(laughs)
'Cause I like my shrimp the way I
like my women.

Bloom and Valentine step inside.

Adjo Haji, dressed as a waiter, enters the suite with a second WAITER. They each wheel in a cart with lunch.

BLOOM

How's that Hale?

ABERNATHY

My shrimp. Plump and juicy. Like my
women.

BLOOM

I like 'em pink and sas-zay.

VALENTINE

And nekked...
(makes boobs gesture)
Big and nekked.

Haji and the second waiter begin to set up the lunch.

ABERNATHY

Why don't you boys fix that up out
there on the patio. And set us up
for one more. Gonna be four
altogether.

A look of concern passes over Haji's face. The second waiter looks to Haji for direction. Haji absorbs the stare of the two heavies.

HEAVY #1

You got a problem with that boy?

HAJI

No sir. It's just that --

VALENTINE

That wind out there's botherin' my
ear. Let's eat inside, Hale.

ABERNATHY

You old fart, Tick. Okay, Bloom,
we'll get out on that beach when
Sleepy here takes a nap.

(to waiters)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

OK, you fellas just keep going the way you were.

The two heavies supervise lunch prep. They keep a close eye on both waiters. Heavy #1's cell phone RINGS. He answers.

HEAVY #1

Yeah... Right... Any time now...
Yes, sir.

Heavy #1 flicks off his cell phone. To Abernathy:

HEAVY #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Poole's downstairs, sir. He's on his way up.

Abernathy, Bloom, and Valentine exchange high-five looks -- as if this is the moment they've been waiting for.

In an instant, they turn their professional vibe on.

Abernathy steps into the bathroom. Bloom checks his hair in the wall mirror, and Valentine finishes his drink in one long pull.

During their primp, Haji slips an iPhone-sized videocam behind a framed photo on the wall at eye level. No one but the other waiter notices. The other waiter uses his hulking, lumpy body to block the heavies' view of Haji.

ABERNATHY

Show time, boys.

A KNOCK. Heavy #2 opens the door.

In steps an entourage of three men: RODDICK POOLE, 35, a pale jarhead in a sharky Italian suit, intentionally a half-size too small. And two well dressed BODYGUARDS, another testosterone dirty bomb duo of bulked up gym rats.

BACK TO - INT. THE CARAVAN CAFE - NIGHT

Adjo Haji continues to tell Drew and Blake the story. As Haji narrates in present time, the action unfolds on screen:

FLASHBACK - INT. BARCELONA HILTON HOTEL SUITE - DAY

HAJI (V.O.)

A little later, after we set everything up on the patio and saw that the meeting with the men was breaking up, we went back inside the hotel room. The old guy went to the bedroom. The others left. Nobody even noticed us. That's when I slipped the camera from behind the picture, and I took it with me. As fast as we could, we cleared out. When I pushed the cart out to the hallway, I saw Mr. Poole and his bodyguards go down the service elevator. I knew Mark wouldn't see them. He was in the hotel lobby. He wanted to confront them... but...

(wavers a moment before
continuing)

But that didn't happen. Which is why the video became so important.

BACK TO - INT. THE CARAVAN CAFE - NIGHT

DREW

But you gave him the video? That day or --

HAJI

No, not that day. We thought it might be too dangerous. As long as those politicians were in the country and Mr. Poole. His people are --

DREW

We know. Brutal.

HAJI

(looking at her with
compassion)

Yes.

BLAKE

So when did you give Kaplan the video? And how did --

HAJI

Your father was sure that Q-Force was paying off these three politicians.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

(to Drew, under his breath)
The Three Little Pigs.

HAJI

But he needed proof. That's when he hired me. To get them on video. He knew they were in the country on a tour or something.

BLAKE

(to Drew)
More like a fat-assed money orgy to help Q-Force get more no-bid contracts... millions, billions...
(to Haji)
And Q-Force or the congressmen... or...? Who found out about the video? And --

HAJI

My friend, the other waiter, he wanted more money to stay quiet about the video. And like a fool, I didn't give it to him. I threatened him.

Haji nods toward the bodyguards at the nearby table.

HAJI (CONT'D)

My family. They take care of me... I mean, they try to. So they "handled" my friend. I thought that was the end of it but --

BLAKE

He went to Q-Force? Or?

HAJI

He went to someone. And that someone came after me...
(turning to Drew)
And then after your father.

BLAKE

But the video? Kaplan didn't give it up? He didn't have it to give up.
(looking from Haji to Drew)
So where is it?

HAJI

I wish I knew. I would have given it up to save Kaplan's life.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAJI (CONT'D)

The only reason I got out is that I am a wealthy man. I do not have to work. I did not have to take that risk for your father. I wanted to. I wanted to... to... live. Can you imagine? But my family... Money talks. Money bought my freedom. Not from Q-Force or anyone in power. From my guards --

BLAKE

I can just imagine where they are now.

HAJI

You are very right, West. They are either dead or... They will never return.

BLAKE

Haji, you must listen to me. You can redeem yourself, but you must play straight with us. Can you think of anyone Mark might have given the video to? Anywhere he might have put it or sent it? Anyone he would have trusted with it?

HAJI

I have asked myself over and over. No. I cannot. Mark had a girlfriend. I thought maybe he would give it to her. But no.

DREW

What's her name and where is she?

HAJI

Lily Tjaden. She lives in Holland, Rotterdam. But I don't think...

DREW

Do you have her phone number? Email? Her address? Where she works?

Just then Agent Ames slips past unnoticed by the cafe window. Drew and Blake don't see Ames -- but Haji does. We see a flicker of fear wash over him. Drew notices. She looks around. Sees nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew (CONT'D)
(to Haji)
What?

Haji
I have to go. I must leave Paris
before any more trouble.

Blake
Where are you going?

Haji nods a signal to his bodyguards. They get up and head to the back of the cafe. Haji, tries to stay cool.

Haji
For your sake, I cannot say. It
would not be safe for you to know.

Haji rises. He shakes hands with Blake then kisses Drew on both cheeks.

Haji (CONT'D)
Good luck. I hope you are right
about your father, Ms. Kaplan. I
really hope you are. But be
careful. You have no idea what
you're up against.

Haji exits into the alley with his bodyguards.

EXT. THE CARAVAN CAFE - NIGHT

As Drew and Blake, silent, exit the Caravan Cafe, the syncopated, unnerving BACKGROUND SOUNDS of a Paris night surround them. They begin to walk.

Agent Ames ducks into the bakery next door, unnoticed.

Blake
Don't give up hope.
(he glances at her
sidelong, and jostles her
with his elbow)
Hey, you know what Chairman Mao,
said: "It's always darkest just
before it goes totally black."

Drew
(unable to contain a
grudging smile)
Great. That's your way of assuring
me that all is not lost? Crack
jokes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

You know what they say: "Laughter's the best medicine."

(beat)

Look. I've seen how money and power work. And it isn't pretty. I think the guy who said "the pen is mightier than the sword" was some illiterate fat cat with an army. Drugging the journalists with enough crap to keep them believing they had any power.

(beat))

But listen. What I really think? We'll get through this. And you'll grow up.

DREW

What's the supposed to mean?

BLAKE

You'll see. The "after" picture is never the same as the "before." Life in the bubble will never be the same.

DREW

Whatever.

(beat... eager to change the subject)

We've got to talk to Mark's girlfriend.

BLAKE

I already did.

Drew pulls away, facing him.

DREW

What?

BLAKE

Yeah. I interviewed her a couple of months ago. She had no idea where Mark was. Basically knew nothing. Or was too scared to say.

DREW

When were you going to tell me?

BLAKE

Now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew walks ahead, alone. Blake catches up and walks alongside.

DREW

I see.

(hits the emotional reset
button)

OK. But that was before you knew
about the video. Right?

BLAKE

Right.

They continue to walk side by side, Drew more and more purposefully. Blake tries to keep up.

DREW

Then we've gotta talk to her again.

Drew stops.

DREW (CONT'D)

Check that. I want to talk to her
myself. For the first time. I want
to hear everything straight from
her. I don't want any more second-
hand data.

Drew starts walking again.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm going to Rotterdam.

Blake catches up.

BLAKE

I'm going with you.

DREW

Fine.

(beat)

As long as we don't have to fly.

They walk on. First side by side... then Blake slips his hand onto Drew's shoulder. They flag a taxi. They hop in. 100 feet behind them a car's headlights flip on. The car pulls out from a curb-side parking space... and follows the taxi...

EXT. PARIS OUTSKIRTS - DAY

A train speeds through the French countryside on its way to Rotterdam.

INT. TRANS-EUROPEAN TRAIN - DAY

Drew and Blake sit next to each other, Drew at the window, Blake on the aisle. Drew's alternately looking out the window and reading. Her magazine lies open to a photo of Rem Koolhaas's Kunsthal Museum in Rotterdam. Blake's got a stack of papers and magazines he's sorting through on his lap and tray table. He's looking for something in particular. He finds it.

Blake shows Drew a magazine. Article headline: "House of Power." Byline: "Mark Kaplan." Under a photo, the caption: "Deal Makers." It's a photo of Abernathy, Valentine, and Bloom, along with other colleagues on the House Armed Services Committee.

BLAKE

That's them. The three congressman Haji told us about. The thugs who met with Roddick Poole, Mr. Q-Force -- Abernathy, Valentine, and Bloom. The D.C. fat cats your dad called the Three Little Pigs.

DREW

And that's what my dad meant when he said he was the big bad wolf and he was gonna blow their house down. The House of Representatives.

BLAKE

Right.

DREW

Holy smoke.

Drew look out the window, watching the blur of the landscape slide by...

DREW (CONT'D)

My dad said the truth is usually right out in the open. But you pretty much have to rub peoples noses in it, or they'll keep living a lie. So he did what it took. He'd stomp right through anybody's corridors of power... right to the center of the storm.

BLAKE

Mixed metaphor. But yeah, I catch your drift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

I wish I had more of that.

BLAKE

More of what?

DREW

You know: guts.

BLAKE

That's not something you get. It's something you got. Hard-wired into you. You either got it or you don't.

(kidding)

If you ask me, I don't think you got it. No guts

DREW

(can't help giggling)

Gee, thanks. I don't think I'll be asking you... But you're probably right. I don't know that I do. At least not enough.

(working through it)

Maybe the Greeks got it right, what they really valued in someone: righteous rebellion against unrighteous authority. They said somebody who does that's a hero. And maybe when you do that? You got guts. No matter how afraid you feel inside.

BLAKE

Well, good people can't stay silent. They have to stand up or evil people keep winning.

DREW

I'm not going to let that happen. I'll blow the House down myself if I have to.

EXT. KUNSTHAL MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM - CAFE - DAY

Drew and Blake share a table.

At the entrance, LILY TJADEN (40), cute and hip, comes in and looks around. She sees Blake and Drew and approaches their table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

I wonder how close this one came to being my stepmother.

BLAKE

Are you serious? Why would you even care at this point?

Lily arrives at their table. Blake and Drew stand.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Lily Tjaden? Blake West. Nice to meet you in person. This is Drew Kaplan.

Lily shakes Blake's hand then greets Drew with three kisses on her cheek. They sit, Lily slipping into the chair Blake's pulled out.

LILY

My, God, you do look like your father.

Drew fidgets under Lily's steady gaze.

BLAKE

So... thanks for meeting us. I told Drew that you and I have talked. Well, emailed, I guess. But anyway, Drew didn't want to leave any stone unturned.

Tears well up in Lily's eyes.

LILY

(to Drew)

You think Mark is alive?

BLAKE

She doesn't. We don't know anything for sure.

LILY

But his body? It was returned, yes?

LILY (CONT'D)

You saw him? I mean... you saw him dead, is that right?

DREW

(a bit impatient)

I saw a body, yes. But what I want to know, Lily, if you don't mind talking about it again --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Well, of course. Whatever I can do.
But I'm afraid I don't have
anything to add.

An AMERICAN TOURIST, young, a beefy thug in an incongruous golf hat and windbreaker, enters and takes a table. He's reading a map.

LILY (CONT'D)

I mean, I have told you, Mr. West,
and I told the others... the ones I
told you about... I didn't know
anything about Mark's work. He
didn't talk to me about it. We
shared our time together in
Damascus eating, going for walks...
living in the moment... play and
love, not work.

Drew looks wounded. Blake slips his hand onto her knee under the table.

BLAKE

You said your place here in
Rotterdam was vandalized. Any more
visitors? Anything else connected
to his disappearance?

LILY

Nothing. I'm so sorry...
(to Drew)
It must be awful for you, dear.
Losing your father. He was so
youthful. So --

DREW

What about your place in Damascus?
Was that place vandalized? Did
anyone approach you there? Anything
you haven't mentioned?

LILY

Oh... our place in Damascus? Yes, I
think... Didn't I say it had been
broken into?
(to Blake)
Did I tell you that before?

BLAKE

That's exactly what you told me.
Why? Wasn't it broken into?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Oh, yes. I think it was... Yes, I remember now... They took Mark's laptop. And... I think that was all.

DREW

(skeptical)

You *think* that was all? We're talking only a year ago. You don't remember if they took anything else?

LILY

I'm sorry. I wish I did. I am very sad that I cannot help you more. But your father...

(thinking twice)

Mark, I didn't know him long but I knew him well.

DREW

How well?

LILY

Well enough to know he loved you and would not want you to be sad.

DREW

Yeah. Thank you. But I also know that he would want me to get to the bottom of this. And it would be the only way he knew I might not be sad.

LILY

Hmm... Well, I wish I could help you.

BLAKE

If you think of anything else, you have my card. You'll let us know? Or if anyone contacts you?

DREW

Maybe you can.

LILY

What do you mean?

DREW

Maybe you can help us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
I don't think so.

Lily's cell phone VIBRATES. She looks to see who's calling. She stands, pulls down her tiny skirt, and prepares to leave.

LILY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I have to go. If I think of anything, I will call you.

No time for the ritual three kisses goodbye other than virtually, Lily struts across the floor of the cafe toward the exit. She texts as she disappears out the door.

DREW
I don't like it.

BLAKE
Don't like it? Or don't like her?

DREW
I don't like her or it. What's that phone call about?

BLAKE
I don't know. But what's this hang-up you've got about your father having a life?

DREW
I don't have a hang-up about anything. But how'd you like to hear about your dad getting it on...

BLAKE
My dad? Frankly? I'd love it. He's been in a dead-end marriage for 40-some years. Probably hasn't had sex in 10 years except with women on a webcam.

DREW
Maybe it isn't as dead-end as you think. It's hard to tell from the outside what's going on in other people's relationships. And at least you have your family intact.

BLAKE
(clearly uncomfortable)
OK. You know what? I'm gonna hit the restroom... and then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

And then you're gonna drop me off
at the next train station so I can
go straight to therapy.

BLAKE

OK. Good plan.

DREW

You think?
(rolls her eyes)
Go on... do what you have to do.
And then let's get back to Paris.
This was a total waste of time.

Blake hoists his shoulder bag and heads to the men's room.
Drew checks her iPhone for messages. She listens and
immediately hits a speed dial.

DREW (CONT'D)

Mom? I got your message... what's
happened?... Oh my God... Mom. I
just saw him less than a week
ago... do they know... do you think
it has to do with Dad?... No, we
struck out here. I dunno. Older
than me... No, not a lot older...
early 40s probably... Mom...get off
it. She's just some free-spirit
hippie. I doubt she even knew Dad
all that well... C'mon, stay
focused. Let me know if you find
out anything else. We're gonna head
back to Paris tonight. And call
Samuel for me. Tell him... tell him
I... miss him.

Drew hangs up. She looks at the clock on the wall to verify.
She realizes Blake has been gone a long time. Picking up her
rolling suitcase and her purse, she heads toward the men's
room. She flags a WAITER on the way over.

DREW (CONT'D)

Excuse me... English?

The waiter nods.

DREW (CONT'D)

(pointing toward the
interior of the men's
room)

My friend? Can you see if he's OK?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The waiter heads inside to the men's room. Moments later he returns, panic on his face.

WAITER
Madame, he is very not well... very
hurt...

INT. KUNSTHAL MUSEUM - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

The waiter and Drew dash into the men's room. Blake lies against the wall. He has been beaten and he looks it.

DREW
Oh my gosh! Blake!

Drew rushes to Blake and helps him, along with the waiter, out of the bathroom and to a chair at a cafe table.

DREW (CONT'D)
Blake, Blake...

Drew brushes back his hair from his forehead, trying to cradle him. The waiter offers a glass of water, and Blake takes it, sipping. Drew grabs a white linen napkin from the table and dips it in the water. She daubs at his wounds, and he winces at her touch.

DREW (CONT'D)
What happened in there? Who did
this to you?

BLAKE
(struggling)
That asshole in the golf hat...
that fat bastard...

DREW
What fat bastard? Who...?

WAITER
I call police?

DREW
I don't think so.. uh...

BLAKE
No, no police.

He looks from Drew to the waiter. Then, to the waiter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Look, man. This was a family situation. You know? My brother in law? No police, OK?

WAITER

Ah... brother in law.

BLAKE

We need to get out of here. See if my bag is in the men's room..

WAITER

I will look.

Drew continues to clean up Blake's face, touching him gently. Momentarily the waiter reemerges from the men's room, gestures empty handed.

BLAKE

Fuck. My laptop.

DREW

Do you think Lily?

BLAKE

I dunno. Come on.

He lifts himself up from the chair and although wobbly, stands on his own. He takes Drew's hand and together they head out of the cafe.

WAITER TO HIMSELF

Brothers in laws.

(wryly)

Ya... the fat bastards...

INT. TRANS-EUROPEAN TRAIN - NIGHT

Drew and Blake sit together, Drew leaning against the window, Blake leaning against Drew.

DREW

Blake?

BLAKE

Drew?

DREW

I have to tell you something.

BLAKE

Shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
Someone killed my dad's lawyer.

BLAKE
Huh?

DREW
Yeah. And I just met with him in New York... to open Dad's will. His name was James Baxter.

BLAKE
What? Slow down. What happened? How'd you find this out?

DREW
My mom. It happened yesterday morning. Real early. He surprised some burglars, I guess. That's what they're saying. Before the other people got to work. Apparently he always came in ahead of everyone else.

BLAKE
Yeah. A pattern that just happened to cross paths with some burglars. I can just imagine what they were looking for.

DREW
I'm scared, Blake. I mean... all these people following us... you getting beat up. Now Baxter's dead.

Blake puts his arm around her and draws her to his chest. She leans in, letting herself become enfolded in his arms.

BLAKE
You're gonna be fine. I'm not gonna let anybody hurt you. C'mon.

He wipes away her tears, holds her face in his hands, and looks at her eyes.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
You're not gonna fold just because the going gets rough, are ya? And besides, nobody's gonna hurt us as long as Q-Force or whoever's following us thinks we can lead them to the video. We're hot commodities, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW
(managing a smile)
True. But it all still sucks.

BLAKE
Yep.

They look at each other for a spell then kiss. After a moment, Blake pulls back and puts his hand on his upper lip.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Ow. That hurt.

DREW
Vary funny.

They kiss again and then rest in each other's arms.

EXT. GARE DU NORD TRAIN STATION - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Drew and Blake exit the train station. Drew's iPhone rings. She looks at the caller ID: It's Samuel. She quickly shuts off the ringing. They exchange a look that says, let's not talk about it. An awkward moment passes.

INT. TUNISIA HOTEL - LITTLE AFRICA - GUEST ROOM - DAY

A repeat of the earlier scene in this room. The afternoon light filters into the room through the drawn shade. A faint breeze stirs the shade, but just barely. The room looks and feels sweaty. Drew and Blake, naked, lie asleep, tangled in the sheets.

A loud HONK HONK HONK BLARES from the street below, and Drew and Blake begin to stir. As they awaken, they see each other eye to eye, and they smile. They begin to caress each other's shoulders. Drew rises onto one elbow and looks down at Blake. He rolls onto his back and pulls her to him. He smiles.

BLAKE
I can take it if you can.

DREW
(smiling)
Try not to wake up the neighbors
this time.

BLAKE
Only if you try not to wake up half
of Europe.

They begin to make love.

EXT. LITTLE AFRICA - DAY

Drew and Blake walk toward a Paris metro station.

DREW

Thanks for going with me. I've always wanted to see this place in person.

BLAKE

It better be good or somebody's going with me to a freezing-ass football game in January.

EXT. PARQUE DE LA VILLETTE - RED CUBE CAFE - DAY

Drew and Blake sit at an outside table.

DREW

If we knew we were being followed, what would we do? I mean, assume Q-force is listening to what I'm saying right now. Like Will Smith in *Enemy of the State*?

Blake waves to the gardens. As if to say, "Hi Q-force."

DREW (CONT'D)

How would we say anything privately?

BLAKE

We could write notes on napkins using invisible ink... you, know lemon juice. Then burn the napkins and throw the ashes into the Seine.

DREW

Why is everything a joke to you? I'm serious. How? How do we keep what we say private? Finding my father may depend on it. Why do I feel alone?

BLAKE

You're not alone. It's just that I'd throw them off by joking and pretending not to care about the question. Get it? I was kind of hoping not to have to spell it out for you and tell "them" that. Happy now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew makes a face, as if to say, "You're impossible" and "very funny" at the same time. She cups her hand around her mouth.

DREW

I would probably talk like this...
like baseball pitchers when they
talk to the catcher so you can't
read their lips... And seriously?
Here's what else I'd do: I'd go to
an airport and go through security
hoping that if we had any bug on us
-- like in the heel of our shoe --
airport scanners would pick it up
and get rid of it for us. Then we
could talk in confidence.

Blake cups his hand around his mouth.

BLAKE

OK Agent 99. Let's go to the
airport after lunch.

DREW

Yeah, but we have to buy a ticket
to go through security. So let's
just go home. We can go online and
book a flight, get our stuff, and
go to the airport.

BLAKE

OK.

DREW

And then we draw up a plan.

BLAKE

What?

Drew leans over to Blake and whispers in his ear.

DREW

And then we draw up a plan. I'm
going to get my father back.

BLAKE

(whispering, teasing)

You mean like a blueprint? Kind of
like what an architect would dream
up?

DREW

That's exactly what I mean,
jackass.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - SECURITY LINE - DAY

Drew and Blake are taking off their shoes and emptying their pockets, going through airport security, along with a string of other passengers. AIRPORT SECURITY AGENTS scan the carry-ons and loose items. Several passengers pass through the body-frame scanner without a hitch. Then Drew's turn. AIRPORT SECURITY AGENT #1 beckons Drew to step through the body-scanner frame. No beep. Then Blake. We hear a BEEP.

AIRPORT SECURITY AGENT #1
Step over here, Monsieur.

Blake steps to the side where Airport Security Agent #1 scans him from head to toe with a hand-held scanner.

Meanwhile, something in Drew's carryon catches the attention of AIRPORT SECURITY #2, who monitors the roller-top conveyor. He pulls Drew's purse from the conveyor and holds it up.

AIRPORT SECURITY AGENT #2
(to Drew)
This is your purse, Madame?

DREW
Yes.

AIRPORT SECURITY AGENT #2
May I have permission to look
inside?

DREW
Please do.

AIRPORT SECURITY #2 opens the purse and pulls out items one by one and places them on a tray.

Then we hear a BEEP. It's Blake. The personal scan by Airport Security Agent #1 has located a no-go on Blake.

AIRPORT SECURITY AGENT #1
Please take off your belt.

Blake takes off his belt and hands it to the agent. The agent wand-scans the belt. We hear a BEEP.

AIRPORT SECURITY #1
(suspicious)
Please come with me.

As Blake is escorted to a private room, Airport Agent #2 has almost emptied Drew's purse. He takes the last item out. Shakes his head. Walks back to the front of the roller-scanner and puts the purse back on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The infrared camera shot of the purse shows a dark object in the ghost-like negative. He grabs the purse.

AIRPORT SECURITY #2

(suspicious)

There's something in the lining of your purse. Do you know what it is?

DREW

Not at all. What is it?

AIRPORT SECURITY #2

(patronizing)

That's what I must find out, if you don't mind? May I?

Airport Security Agent #2 opens up the lining of Drew's purse. He pulls out a sophisticated electronic device.

AIRPORT SECURITY #2 (CONT'D)

What is this?

DREW

I don't know. I didn't put it there.

AIRPORT SECURITY #2

This looks like a tracking device and microphone.

(beat)

You cannot take it on the plane.

DREW

(relieved and delighted)

Great. Thank you. That's great. It's... wow.

Airport Security Agent #2 hands Drew's tattered purse back to her. He motions for her to pick up the purse items.

DREW (CONT'D)

(sincere)

Merci beaucoup, Monsieur.

She looks around for Blake. She spies agents Ames and Crandall hovering near the back of the security line and turns quickly so they won't see that she's seen them. She heads to the waiting area.

Blake is still being questioned by Airport Security. Drew waits nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake is finally led by Airport Security Agent #1 back to the scanning area to collect his things. He joins Drew in the waiting area.

DREW (CONT'D)

You OK?

BLAKE

Yeah. They actually did find a tracking and listening device in my belt. You were right. For once

Drew rolls her eyes as they head to the gate.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - GATE - DAY

Drew and Blake are seated, facing the plate glass window that looks toward the planes, tarmac, and exterior landscape. They sit next to each other at the end of a standard bank of airport seating. Away from other passengers, few of whom have congregated so many hours before the flight.

Drew, cupping her hand around her mouth and turning to Blake.

DREW

Look, we could talk like this.

Drew takes her hand away and turns to the window straight ahead.

DREW (CONT'D)

Or we could attract a lot less attention by looking straight ahead and talking to the window. Whaddyathink? A or B? Because face front, unless they've got binoculars out there on the tarmac, they're not likely to be able to read our lips.

Blake turns to her and cups his hand in front of his mouth.

BLAKE

What were the choices again?

DREW

A or B.

BLAKE

But was A again and what was B?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Stop it. This is serious.

(beat))

OK, I say we do B. So I don't have
to look at you.

Blake takes his hand away from his mouth and looks straight
ahead. He and Drew talk straight ahead from here on out.

BLAKE

Good. I agree. B. Same reason.

DREW

Very funny. And guess what? We're
in the clear. So I'm not as dumb as
you look, am I?

BLAKE

(amused))

Nope. You're not *that* dumb. That
was smart.

(serious)

But things could get rough now. Now
that they know that we know they've
been bugging us and they can't
track us anymore. So brace
yourself.

DREW

I'm braced. So let's come up with a
plan. We have to keep trusting our
instruments and find our way
through this.

BLAKE

Trust our instruments?

DREW

Go ahead and make fun of me. I'm
getting used to it. But let me ask
you this: Do you know what a pilot
does in a storm at night when she
can't see two feet in front of her
and has no idea where the runway is
or what's up and what's down? I'll
give you a hint: It's what John F.
Kennedy, Jr. didn't do when he was
flying off the coast of Martha's
Vineyard and was lost and couldn't
see anything in the pitch black. He
panicked. And he didn't trust his
instruments... because he wasn't
trained in instrument flying, only
in visual flying.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

He thought he was flying level when his plane was actually in a death spiral. He couldn't tell. And he crashed. And died. And so did two other people in that plane with him. So what's kept us safe so far is that we've been trusting our instruments.

BLAKE

Corny. But OK. I get it. Trust your instruments.

(beat then deadpan wiseguy)

What do you mean?

DREW

Let me boil it down for you, idiot: Don't be like Ray in *Small Time Crooks*: Don't be the dope in our master plan.

BLAKE

Funny movie.

DREW

OK?... So whatever crayons you got in that crayon box of yours, use them. Especially the big one.

BLAKE

Got it, Einstein. My crayons are my instruments.

(beat)

What's the big one?

DREW

Don't trust your instruments if you're running on low on gas.

BLAKE

Are we running low on gas?

DREW

Maybe.

Blake takes her hand. They sit quietly, looking straight ahead at the tarmac.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE, NYC - DAY

Blake and Drew cross 2nd Avenue on 4th Street. They make their way along the street with their luggage in tow. They stop in front of the iron grill door of Blake's building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake fishes in his pocket for his keys, and they look at each other, stifling their excitement.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The two of them take up half the tiny living room.

BLAKE

Sit.

Drew, self-conscious suddenly, sits on the couch. Admires Blake's taste.

DREW

Nice.

Blake sits down next to her. Puts his arms around her. Pulls her toward him. They kiss. Then Drew pulls away...

DREW (CONT'D)

Maybe I should... I need to --

BLAKE

(understanding)

Go... do whatever...

Drew gets up and walks toward the bathroom. Turns to Blake...

DREW

I'll be right out...

BLAKE

Yeah. Take your time... There's even a real shower in there.

Drew disappears into the bathroom.

Blake steps into the kitchen. We hear him CLINKING glasses, OPENING the fridge, ice cubes JANGLING. He re-enters the living room.

Drew rounds the corner. She's holding a small bottle of perfume.

DREW

(teasing)

Something one of your girlfriends left behind?

BLAKE

(embarrassed)

Oh. Uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps to Drew and takes the perfume from her hand. He sets it on a shelf of the bookcase.

DREW
(still teasing)
Somebody you forgot to tell me
about?

Blake isn't laughing. He looks flushed. Nervous.

BLAKE
Drew... here.... sit down... I...

Drew realizes he isn't kidding around.

DREW
Oh, my God, you're married, aren't
you.

BLAKE
Separated.

She reels from the blow.

DREW
Wow.

BLAKE
Look... I wanted to tell you... It
just never seemed the right time.

Drew looks at the perfume bottle on the shelf.

DREW
(quietly)
I think we're way past the right
time.

BLAKE
We're separated. That's why. And I
don't want to go back. She doesn't
live here... Sharon. We split a few
months ago. In theory, We're trying
to work it out, but --

DREW

You know, Blake, stop. This has all
been going too fast me. I mean...
you know I have someone too... I've
been with him for a long time. And
truthfully? I'm not feeling so good
about myself... so...
(tears form in her eyes)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

You know.... I think we need to both take a time out here... I'm already an emotional wreck over my dad. And I think right now I need to...

BLAKE

I know, OK. And I'm sorry. I know this isn't what you wanted to hear.

DREW

Yeah. Well. That's an understatement. But OK... This is life. And you don't owe me anything. Apologies, explanations. We're adults. So let's keep going. I mean with our plan about Dad. But for now? I need to step back.

Blake draws her to him, and they hug silently. Blake kisses her hair. After a moment, Drew steps back. She heads toward the door, grabbing the handle of her rolling suitcase.

BLAKE

Where will --

DREW

I'll be at the Princeton Club.
Just call me in the morning.

Drew steps into the hallway. She looks back once to see him standing in the doorway. They both look sad, resigned.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Drew pulls her suitcase down the hall. She stands in front of the elevator, not looking back to Blake. Drew's iPhone rings in her purse, but she ignores it. The doors open, and she steps into the elevator. Blake steps into his apartment. The hallway remains empty.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY

Drew drags her suitcase behind her, winding her way among the pedestrians along the sidewalk. She turns the corner onto the busy thoroughfare.

She pulls out her iPhone and punches in a speed dial. She walks and talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

Sasha? I need to talk with you. I'm heading to the Princeton Club. Please call me back asap.

Drew hails a taxi. Her tear-stained face belies her brisk step and fearless demeanor.

INT. PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Drew lies curled on the small bed. She's on her iPhone.

DREW

Well maybe he'll be available if you tell him I'm the woman he's been following for the last few weeks... Right, Drew Kaplan.

(beat)

Oh, Roddick Poole. Looks like you are available... Well, thank you very much.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Drew lies on her bed, staring at the ceiling, iPhone in her hand. The hotel phone RINGS, jarring her. She picks up.

DREW

(cautiously)

Hello?

We see relief spread over her face. And a smile.

DREW (CONT'D)

5B.

She jumps up and opens the door to the tiny bathroom and takes a pull on the travel mouthwash. A KNOCK on the door. She opens.

Blake stands there, a little tentative. When they see each other, they both light up.

DREW (CONT'D)

This is taking a breather?

BLAKE

Can I come in?

She opens the door, and he steps into the little room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(looking around)
Wow... shades of the Little
Tunisia.

DREW
At least it has a shower...
(beat)
Sort of.

BLAKE
So? We gonna just leave it like we
did this afternoon? No discussion?

They sit on the bed, next to each other. Blake puts his hand
on her knee. They look at each other, and they both laugh.

DREW
It's not funny.

BLAKE
Hey, you're the one laughing.

Blake leans over to kiss her. She responds. And they're gone.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Drew and Blake lie in bed, facing each other. Feeling giddy
slightly more than guilty, enjoying their love-making high.

BLAKE
Get up. I wanna show you something.

DREW
I'm not getting up... What?
(looking over him to the
clock)
It's after 11:00.

BLAKE
Get your butt out of bed. We're
going out. You're in the Big Apple,
Kaplan.

DREW
I'm not getting out of bed.

Blake is up now, pulling on his boxers and jeans. He comes
around the bed and throws back the covers. Drew grabs for the
sheet to cover her body.

DREW (CONT'D)
No! Nooo...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But to no avail as Blake pulls her out onto the floor.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Drew and Blake stroll hand in hand in the neon fantasy of New York City. URBAN NOISE fills the hot night.

Blake more or less tour-guides Drew through the crowded streets, and Drew eats it up. They're like teenagers.

EXT. THE CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

Drew and Blake enter the building. The guard greets Blake just inside the foyer.

INT. THE CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

Drew and Blake exit the elevator. Blake, with Drew following, walks down the hallway to a door and knocks. PAM (65), fun, hip, and warm, opens the door and smiles.

PAM
Hello, angel.

BLAKE
Hey, Pammy.
(pushing Drew forward)
This is Drew.

PAM
Well come in, come in.

Pam takes Drew's hand and hugs Blake.

BLAKE
I just wanted --

PAM
I know what you want, darling.
(to Drew)
He wants what all men want.
(beat)
My view.

BLAKE
Annnd... I wanted you to meet Drew.
Don't be so cynical.

PAM
(to Drew)
Love him, darling. I really do.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (CONT'D)

But he's so obvious. No, I'm
toddling off to bed. I've got to be
at Yankee Stadium at 7:00 a.m.

Pam kisses Blake on the cheek.

PAM (CONT'D)

You kids lock up.
(turning before leaving the
room)
Night night, angels.

She disappears into the next room, closing the door behind
her.

DREW

Who?... Who is that?

BLAKE

That's my Aunt Pammy. She does PR
for the Yankees. She's great.

DREW

Yeah, but... I mean.. We just show
up?

BLAKE

I called her, goofball. You think
I'm a total loser?

DREW

Kind of.

Blake slips his arm around Drew and leads her to the sliding
glass door that opens onto a balcony. They step outside. The
city lights spread out below and all around them. A moon
hangs over the horizon. Drew is stunned by the view. They
lean into each other and gaze at the night sky.

BLAKE

You know --

DREW

You don't need to say anything,
Blake. Just feel the moment.

BLAKE

I do.

(beat)

But... I do want to say... I
mean... Look out there, Drew. It's
a whole world. Vast. Full of
mystery. Potential. Not just New
York. Not just the stars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Not just now... Forever. Because of what it means. What it stands for. And it's all waiting for us. You and me. Pilot and copilot --

DREW

Which one am I?

BLAKE

You with your instruments. Me with my crayons.... Both. We're both both. Pilot and copilot. Alternating, depending on the flight.

DREW

You know... I've spent my whole life condemning my mother because she was selfish. Because she put herself before me and Dad... She broke his heart. My heart. But...

Drew stumbles... not sure what she really wants to reveal.

DREW (CONT'D)

But now. I'm not quite so high and mighty, am I? I never thought I'd hurt anyone. Especially not anyone as kind as Samuel. And you have ... Sharon... who wants to work it out with you --

BLAKE

Look out there... How many times do you think we're gonna go around?
(beat)
Once. We've got one shot. And we do the best we can... try not to hurt people. I dunno... devotion or happiness... I dunno.

He kisses her. She pulls closer to him, unable to break the spell. They remain in each other's arms as Drew puzzles through the ordeal.

DREW

I can't tell him on the phone... I can't. But I'll tell him. I know I have to... when I get back to home...

The screen fills with the incredible night sky with the distant moon and the whole city laid out below.

EXT. PALEY PARK - DAY

People hustle by hardly noticing the midtown Manhattan pocket courtyard -- an outdoor room enclosed on three-sides with a waterfall at the far end. Spindly trees line the park, making the tables along the side walls feel secluded.

Drew sits alone at a table. She's dressed to the nines, crisp, professional. She's relaxed. Unhurried.

Momentarily, Roddick Poole, replete in corporate business armor, enters the courtyard and walks directly to Drew's table. He sits down, facing her. Each knows that the other has to speak first. The silence becomes obvious.

Suddenly, startling her, he leans forward.

POOLE

All right. Enough nonsense. I'm here... What do you want to tell me?

DREW

I want my father. And I want him in the next 72 hours. I have the video. In fact...

Drew leans in, getting into Poole's space.

DREW (CONT'D)

I have five of those videos. And they're each ready to drop into five international newspapers. In five parts of the world. And all that has to happen for those videos to hit their marks? I just have to not show up. You know...

(beat)

Because if I'm not visible... not healthy and happy... Then there won't be anyone to stop those videos from dropping.

POOLE

I have no idea what you're talking about. I don't know about any video. And I certainly have no idea where your father is. But I wish you well in finding him. If that's what you're trying to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW

(unfazed)

Don't worry Captain Rambo. I'm not recording you. I don't need to.

POOLE

I really don't care what you're doing or not doing, Ms. Kaplan. I met with you only out of compassion. May I offer my condolences, by the way?

DREW

So here's what you're gonna do. First, call off those goons Ames and Crandall. And yes, I saw them outside Blake West's. You really outta give them some better training up there at your "Secret Ops" stag fest.

POOLE

You got something of interest to say, ma'am? Cuz if not?

DREW

Listen, you redneck thug. I couldn't care less about your corrupt secret army or how much money you're charging the American taxpayers to build that dangerous miswired, poison schlock over in whatever countries we're currently raping and pillaging. Have at it, ya know? I'm not a journalist or a do-gooder. And I don't care about gasbag congressmen sucking off the American electorate. I DON'T CARE, OK? But here's what I do care about: MY FATHER. In whatever shape or form or condition. And I won't let anybody or anyone get in my way of finding him. So: My father is in the US in the next 72 hours. No questions asked. Nobody else notified. Video tapes on ice. Guaranteed. Neither I nor my father will pursue any further investigation of Q-Force. Done. And I'll make a public announcement that I misidentified the body, the body of some poor son of a bitch some unknown thugs desecrated to look like my father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

You have my word. And my father will honor my word, my contract with you. But of course... I'm not so sure about you. Of course, I've ensured that those videos can always drop if anything happens to me or Dad or anyone else close to me... in the future. Ever. So I'll expect to see him on the Staten Island Ferry between 4 and 6 p.m. on the Staten Island side coming into Manhattan. That will be Thursday, the 9th. And if not?

Drew leans back in her chair and regards him:

DREW (CONT'D)

Show time. In five different time zones.

POOLE

First of all, as I said. I don't know anything about your old man. And even if I did, why would I or anyone believe you that you'd destroy whatever you say you've got? You've got no real collateral. I mean, if you were really dealing with someone who could help you find your dad.

DREW

Well, I guess you're just gonna have to trust me
(beat)
Now won't you?

POOLE

(rising)

A very sweet fairy tale, Ms. Kaplan. I wish you --

DREW

And within the next 12 hours? I want a message of some kind from my father. Just to me. One that only he and I will understand. If not? Deal's off. E-mail or Text.

POOLE

Good luck, young lady. You certainly have a vivid imagination. I'll give you that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poole rises and exits the courtyard. He turns onto the sidewalk, and he's gone.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - BLAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Drew enters through the grilled-iron front doors.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Drew and Blake crowd into the mini-kitchen.

BLAKE

When I get on the train. But not
until we know we've hooked 'em.

DREW

I'm terrified.
(grinning)
But in a good way. He was such...
(searching)
Such a crumb. A --

BLAKE

A crumb? Wow. Really? That's so
vile.

DREW

He is vile. That's exactly what he
is.

BLAKE

So let's focus. You go with me to
Penn Station. I'll get an early
train. I called the Three Pigs'
offices today, so they should have
plenty of time to sweat between now
and tomorrow.

DREW

And what if it all goes upside
down?

BLAKE

Well, then... just as we've know
all along: We're completely
screwed.

INT. PENN STATION, NYC - AMTRAK WAITING AREA - DAY

The overcrowded station is BUSTLING, as Drew and Blake watch the boards to see when Blake's train will be called. They're nervous.

BLAKE

Look, if we don't hear anything by
4:00 PM then our goose is cooked
anyway. In fact, if --

Drew checks her e-mail one more time on her iPhone.

DREW

Oh, my God. Here it is. It's an e-
mail from some Arabic name.

She shows Blake.

BLAKE

It's from Jordan. That's an
Internet cafe. I'll bet you a
million bucks... Open it.

Drew opens the e-mail and reads it aloud to Blake.

DREW

"1942"

BLAKE

That's it? 1942?

DREW

My dad's alive.
(she smiles)

BLAKE

1942?

DREW

Think. Why would my dad say 1942?

BLAKE

Movie?

They hear the announcement for Blake's train. He jumps up, gathering his overnight bag and shoulder bag.

DREW

You think about it, Sherlock. And
send me a text.

They join with the hurrying throng of travelers fighting to get to the escalator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

For sure it's from him?

DREW

For sure. We're in.

Together they jam onto the escalator and along with the crowd, they disappear out of sight.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Blake sits alone in a window seat hitting the keys of his laptop. The headline of the story he's banging out: "Mark Kaplan: The Big Bad Wolf?"

His cell phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID: "Drew." Blake answers.

BLAKE

Miss me already?... Why?... Are you serious?... You better not be...

Blake sees that his cell phone signal got cut off.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Damn!

He tries calling Drew back. No luck. Frustrated, he starts packing up his computer and getting ready to get off the train at the next stop.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE - DAY

Drew walks from Penn Station along 8th Avenue past The New York Times Building toward the Princeton Club. She's talking on her iPhone. She can hardly contain her joy.

DREW

I definitely know he's alive, Mom... He sent a message. It's pretty cryptic, so I don't want to... you know... I don't know how safe it is to talk on the phone. ... I know, me too... Right... Uh-Huh. But let's not get ahead of ourselves, we have to keep a low profile for a couple of days. I can't get out there to see you. When I do get out there, we'll go see Uncle Benjamin... you know, like we planned... Mom?... Yeah. So we'll do like we said.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (CONT'D)

But until then... Nope... Nope...
Uh-Huh... I'll call you as soon as
I know anything else... I know. I
love you too. I love you, Mom. And
say hi to Chief Benjamin. Just tell
him I'm sorry I missed getting out
there to see him.

Drew continues walking up 8th Avenue. She drops her iPhone into her purse. She turns onto 43rd toward the Princeton Club. She looks up and sees the Chrysler Building. She manages a wary smile.

EXT. LAURIE DUKES'S HOUSE - DAY

A two-story well maintained mountain home in Telluride, Colorado. Bright colors abound. A newish black 4-wheel drive sits in the driveway.

Laurie Dukes and her husband, BILLY K -- a couple of middle-aged artist-types -- come out the front door. Billy K, climbs in the driver's seat, and Laurie glides into the passenger seat. The smoked windows obscure them from view as the Jeep backs out of the steep driveway. We follow the car as it turns onto the street and slowly creeps down to the stop sign.

As the black Jeep turns left and picks up speed, from behind, a dirty-white Isuzu Trooper with two men in it pull away from the curb a few yards above Laurie Dukes's house. They let the Jeep get ahead of them, and then follow about 15 car lengths behind. They're the only two vehicles on the road.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY

The black Jeep pulls into the parking lot, neatly squeezing in between a VW camper and a GMC truck. Billy K and Laurie get out of their vehicle and join up in front of the Jeep. Holding hands, they walk into the produce Market.

Moments later, the Isuzu Trooper pulls in and circles the lot. Finally, it pulls into the line of cars parallel to the Jeep.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY (LATER)

Two men sit in the Isuzu Trooper with the windows open. They look like Marine hard-asses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then, Laurie and Billy K emerge from the Market, both carrying bags bulging with produce. From the two men's point of view, they can only see the driver's side of the car.

Laurie takes her bags and walks over to the passenger side of her vehicle. She opens the back door as she indistinctly talks with Billy K as he opens his side and loads his bags onto the floor. The men can see Laurie through the open door as she chats with Billy K and arranges her grocery bags on her side of the back seat floor. Then Billy K SLAMS his door shut, and we hear Laurie's door SHUT too. Their voices still carry as they get into the front seat, and Billy K begins to slowly back out of his space.

The two men in Isuzu wait for the Jeep to hit the road, Route 550, to Montrose before they back out and follow. The Isuzu gets no farther than the red light near the outdoor market. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. As the Jeep zooms ahead on the road out of town... almost out of sight when the light finally turns green... but pulling into what appears to be a gas station... and the Isuzu speeds ahead to catch up...

INT. RED VOLKSWAGEN CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Laurie Duke sits shotgun while SUMMER, a teen-age girl with short magenta hair and a deep tan, drives.

SUMMER

That was so awesome! Just awesome...!

LAURIE

Well, you're awesome, honey. We couldn't've done that without you.

They arrive at Laurie's house. She opens her car door. Gets out.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you at yoga. Thanks, Summer.

SUMMER

You are just so awesome. Really!

As Summer drives away, Laurie pulls the garage door opener from her purse and opens the garage door. A green Range Rover sits in the garage. She gets in and backs out. As the garage door closes, she drives off in the opposite direction she and Billy K. headed when she hopped out of their Jeep at the gas station before the Isuzu could catch up.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - APACHE TRIBE - SUNSET

Laurie's black Jeep, now covered in dust, turns into the dirt road that leads to the group of houses. Laurie pulls up to Angela Two Ponies's house. Laurie gets out. She walks to the door and knocks.

No one answers. The carport is empty, except for the high-stacked wood pile and odd-shaped forms covered in tarps.

Laurie looks around. The front door is open. She tries it and pushes it in...

LAURIE

Angela? You here...?

She stands in the doorway and peers inside. Then suddenly, startled -- because she hears a man's deep voice:

CHIEF BENJAMIN

I was wondering when you were gonna show up.

Laurie turns, relieved...

LAURIE

Oh, Chief... You scared me! I didn't hear you come up.

CHIEF BENJAMIN

Not sposed to, now are you?
Wouldn't be much of a chief if I wore bells on my feet.

Chief Benjamin bends down and gives Laurie a hug. She wraps her arms around his neck.

LAURIE

You sure know how to give a proper hug, you old bear!

CHIEF BENJAMIN

Come on in. Angela's out to the school. She usually doesn't get home til after dark.

Chief Benjamin ushers Laurie inside as we hear...

CHIEF BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Kinda surprised it was you come out here. I thought little brave would be the one to get her dad's message.

INT. ANGELA TWO PONIES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laurie sits on the worn sofa. The place looks pretty much the same, except the calendar on the wall near the fridge now shows Shepard Fairey's iconic Obama print.

Chief Benjamin looks through the Blu-Rays on the shelf below the Smart TV. He pulls out *Casablanca*.

CHIEF BENJAMIN

This came with a letter to me. Said
I should keep it for you or little
brave. Said one of you'd be out
here one of these days to get it.

Chief Benjamin opens a drawer and takes out a box wrapped in a brown paper wrapper.

CHIEF BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It came in this box.

He hands it to Laurie. She sees the address, written in longhand: "Chief Benjamin TNO, Apache Tribe, Sonoran Desert, AZ."

LAURIE

That's Mark's... that's his
writing.

Chief Benjamin stands over her.

CHIEF BENJAMIN

He told me not to open it.

LAURIE

I guess I shouldn't either. I'm
going to get it to Drew. She'll
know what to do.

INT. PENN STATION, PHILADELPHIA - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Blake gets off the train. He taps his cell phone for internet access as he walks along the platform. He heads for the escalator. Just before he steps on the escalator he stops -- stunned by what he's reading on his cell phone. He hops on the escalator and bounds up the stairs two at a time. He enters the Main Hall.

INT. PENN STATION - MAIN HALL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As Blake speeds through the cavernous Main Hall of the station, he cell phones Drew.

BLAKE

You've got to be kidding. Those bastards... The Internet... Damn. ... Yep. That's where I'm headed right now. And I might get totally hammered while I'm at it. I'll call you after I come up for air.

INT. PENN STATION - TRACKS BAR - DAY

Blake goes to the bar and sits on a barstool. He watches the bar TV. The BARTENDER is working an easy shift. CNN is on. The news crawl: "Mark Kaplan -- Arab-American journalist presumed dead -- found alive."

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)

Details are sketchy, but unnamed sources at the State Department confirm that controversial journalist Mark Kaplan, declared dead a week ago, is alive...

BLAKE

(to the bartender)

Can you flip over to Fox?

BARTENDER

What're we drinking?

The Bartender picks flips to FOX NEWS.

BLAKE

Beer. Whatever you got on tap.

Blake stares at the TV. Slack-jawed and anesthetized as he watches FOX NEWS Anchor SKIP SLATER and reporter CHAR REDMAN.

A split-screen box shows a 30-year-old photo of Mark Kaplan and a recent head shot of Roddick Poole.

SKIP SLATER (ON TV)

... say sources in Damascus and confirmed by Q-Force CEO Roddick Poole. Apparently, we're in the middle of an astonishing story of American patriotism.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP SLATER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

The kind of story that makes you proud to be an American. We go now to Char Redman, live in Amman, Jordan.

CHAR REDMAN (ON TV)

Thanks, Skip. I'm here with Q-Force CEO Roddick Poole.

(to Roddick Poole on TV)

Mr. Poole, you rescued Mark Kaplan?

RODDICK POOLE (ON TV)

Q-Force has been on the case for a year. Ever since we learned that Kaplan was kidnapped. I can't talk about the details, Char, but we went in on a secret ops, and we broke him out.

CHAR REDMAN (ON TV)

Can you tell us who's responsible for Kaplan's kidnapping and incarceration?

RODDICK POOLE (ON TV)

I can't tell you that, but I will say, it's a privilege to be a part of this kind of operation -- where we can actually do something in the name of freedom -- and to protect our First Amendment rights. The right to a free press. Mr. Kaplan was onto a story of congressional corruption -- and he paid the price. But that kind of corruption can't stay hidden for long. Even when certain elected individuals try to cover their crimes.

HARRY REDMAN (ON TV)

There you have it, Skip. Q-Force head Roddick Poole at the center of a late-breaking American patriot story.

Blake rests his head on the bar. And shuts his eyes.

EXT. ANDREWS AFB, MARYLAND - RUNWAY - EVENING

Drew and Blake stand waiting for the Air Force plane that taxis down the runway to a stop. Drew tries to stifle her mix of elation and anxiety. Several Air Force personnel linger nearby, bored.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake keeps a close watch on their surroundings. His cell phone rings, and he checks the caller ID. He turns toward the building, out of the wind and answers.

BLAKE

(he reacts to bad news)
I see... OK... I... Of course, of course... I'll get there as soon as I can... Thanks... Yes, thank you.

DREW

What? What's happened?

BLAKE

I'm gonna have to go, Drew... I'm so sorry... It's my... It's Sharon. She's in critical condition. I guess she fell... I don't know... from a balcony or a porch... or... I dunno. Anyway, she's in the ER at St. Joseph's in Baltimore.

DREW

(concerned, but distracted as the plane has come to a stop)
Well, you have to... I mean...
(they exchange a look that says, "helpless")
Go. You have to... I'll be OK here. Just call when you know something...

BLAKE

I'm the next of kin... I mean my name's on the...

DREW

Just go... I understand... You have to... Just go...

Blake kisses her on the mouth. A kiss and embrace

BLAKE

I'll call you as soon as I know anything... And you -- you... Just have a great reunion with your dad...

He turns and hurries into the building, leaving Drew alone.

She turns to face the plane. The door to the plane opens, and a man in uniform begins to let down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Momentarily, Mark Kaplan appears in the doorway. He leans on crutches. He needs a shave.

DREW

Dad!

Mark lifts one crutch a few inches in an attempt to wave. Drew runs toward the plane. Father and daughter embrace. The damn breaks, and tears freely flow.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Aerial view of the Mall and the famous buildings that stand for Democracy, Justice, and Truth.

SLOW ZOOM to the Capitol.

EXT. CAPITOL - DAY

Blake walks up the Capitol steps. He carries an attache. At the top step he turns to look back across the Mall to the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial. The significance of the scene registers on his face.

He types out a text message to Drew on his cell phone:

BLAKE

"Going in. Trusting my instruments.
Hoping the tank isn't on empty."

He heads for the Capitol door.

INT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Blake, a Press Pass hanging around his neck, stands outside the door of Congressman Hale Abernathy. He pauses, then goes in.

INT. CAPITOL - OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Blake hands an envelope marked "T3LP 1: CONGRESSMAN HALE ABERNATHY" to Abernathy's receptionist. He turns and leaves.

INT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Blake walks down the long corridor of power. He is a man on a mission, but not a man in a hurry.

Deliberate.

INT. CAPITOL - OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Blake enters the outer office of Larry Bloom. Blake hands an envelope marked "T3LP 2: CONGRESSMAN LARRY BLOOM" to Bloom's receptionist. He turns and leaves.

INT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Blake continues his deliberate walk down the long corridor. He stops a moment outside the door of the outer office of Tick Valentine. He reaches into his attache for the third envelope, which we see Marked T3LP 3: CONGRESSMAN TICK VALENTINE. Then he goes in.

INT. CAPITOL - HALE ABERNATHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Hale Abernathy sits in his big fat comfy office desk chair. A delicious glimmer of fear is on his face. The fat bastard squirms. Gets up. Goes to the window and looks out.

The opened envelope marked "T3LP 1: CONGRESSMAN HALE ABERNATHY" lies on his desk along with a Blu-ray case for *Casablanca*. On it, a post-it says, "Enjoy the flick. It's a classic." And signed, "The Big Bad Wolf."

Abernathy goes back to his desk. Plops down in his chair. Picks up the *Casablanca* case. Opens it. It's empty. Except for a url: "mk-tbbw.com" -- and a note.

Abernathy pushes the case across his enormous desk to the MAN opposite him, offscreen.

ABERNATHY
You better read this.

HOLD ON ABERNATHY'S STRICKEN FACE, as we hear the man read aloud what's written on the note.

V.O.
"You're all going to jail. If you don't think so, Sam, play it again."

The man walks to the window, his back to us, in silhouette. He TURNS, SLOWLY. IT IS SAMUEL GUNN.

INT. PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK - TIGER BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

A replay of Drew and Sasha's meeting months before. Same booth. Same waiter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Different threads: Sasha in black -- and wearing Drew's black cardigan sweater -- but Drew looking like a Rothko.

Drew studies the bar menu as Sasha taps out a text on her iPhone. Drew's iPhone VIBRATES on the table. She sees Sasha's text: Thank you for the sweater... So proud of you. You have NO idea.

Drew looks at Sasha and smiles. They high 5.

The stone-faced waiter appears at their booth.

SASHA

Two Caesar Salads --

DREW

No, wait, I think I'll have something new. How about the portobello mushroom burger... on the tiger roll.

SASHA

Ah, the Princeton Club "special."

DREW

Yep... the number one.

Waiter writes. Turns slowly and leaves.

Drew suddenly sits upright. Animated, she grabs her iPhone and taps out a text.

SASHA

Who are you texting?

DREW

A very wise man.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - DAY

Chief Benjamin drives along an empty desert road in his white 1971 GMC pickup truck. His left arm, no longer in a cast, rests on the door of the open window, and Angela is at his side.

The truck's Arizona license plate, CB-TNO487, shines through the grime.

INT. WHITE 1971 GMC PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Chief Benjamin hears his cell phone RING, pulls it from his shirt pocket, and looks at Drew's text.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DREW (TEXT)
Chief Trust No One?

Chief Benjamin smiles. Hands his cell phone to Angela. She reads the text and smiles too. Then grabs the wheel as Chief Benjamin texts Drew back.

The fuel-gage needle still points to Full.

INT. PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK - TIGER BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Drew's iPhone VIBRATES. She sees the text from Chief Benjamin.

CHIEF BENJAMIN (TEXT)
Yes, little brave?

DREW (TEXT)
I get it now

CHIEF BENJAMIN (TEXT)
I know you do

DREW (TEXT)
Trust No. One

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Drew and Blake, hand in hand, stand on the sidewalk and look up, bending back to see the top. They laugh and he throws his arm around her, pulling her to him. They enter the building.

INT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - AUNT PAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drew and Blake sit in the dark facing the sliding glass door. Wrapped in each other's arms. The door is open.

BLAKE
Does it get any better than this?

DREW
Nice of Aunt Pam to go to an away game. Do you think she really did?

BLAKE
No. I tied her up. She's in the closet. So remember to feed her before Monday. I mean... if we want to be invited back...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kisses her tenderly, and they fall silent. Blake gets up and lifts Drew up too. They head outside to the terrace.

EXT. AUNT PAM'S APARTMENT - TERRACE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Drew and Blake go to the railing. Wrapped in one another's arms, they gaze at the city below and the sky above.

DREW

So, uhmm... Darling, what's going to happen?

BLAKE

I don't know... I don't know, Drew... I wish I did. Where is that magic eight ball when we need it, huh?

(beat)

But I can't talk about it... not tonight... There's nothing --

DREW

It isn't going to go away. There's never going to be a good time to talk about it. For things like this? There's never the right time.

BLAKE

Honey, look. Sharon might recover. A lot of times stroke... whatever -- stroke victims make a full recovery. We just don't know. We won't know. But... right now? It doesn't look that good.

DREW

But she's counting on you... You're all she has.

BLAKE

For now. But she's not gonna expect me to --

DREW

You don't have any idea what she expects. All she knows is that you're her husband and she needs you. I don't think I can get in the middle of that... I just don't think I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

But it's too early, it's just too early. Can't we --

DREW

I wish we could. I wish we could pretend.

Drew pulls away. Blake pulls her back. She relents.

Silence. Sadness. They don't know what else to do but hold each other. Drew tenderly caresses Blake's face.

DREW (CONT'D)

We have til Monday, OK?

(beat)

And with any luck, maybe we won't have to feed Aunt Pam.

BLAKE

I'll feed Aunt Pam every day if it means not losing you... I don't want to live without you... I want to be with you... fly with you...

Blake wipes away Drew's tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BMW HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

An aerial view at night of Raymond Hood's Chrysler Building in New York City dissolves to an aerial view at night of Zaha Hadid's BMW Headquarters in Leipzig, Germany -- the building that Drew showed in the last slide of her final lecture at UVA.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. BMW HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Drew winds her way forward in silhouette through the shadow and light of the five-story steel, glass, and concrete building -- the curves and contours of her silhouette in harmony with the building's sensuous interplay of form and space.

She rides the elevator to the top floor.

A SECURITY OFFICER greets her then walks with her to the roof stair and unlocks the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew walks up the stairs to the door that opens onto the illuminated roof.

EXT. BMW HEADQUARTERS - ROOF - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Drew comes through the door and onto the roof.

No longer in silhouette but vivid, she's wearing pitch-perfect threads, color and style -- independent-minded, modern, cool, and brave. An architect for sure: but no black. The paint colors of her clothes perfectly blend with the paint colors of her face.

At the end of a long journey, she's now all lined up. Comfortable in her skin. Her outer look and aura now mirror her inner ideal self: Self-trust.

She radiates not only control but the free-spirit soul of her childhood. Her vibe says Architecture: Everything in order. Everything in sync. Inside and out.

Drew goes to the railing. She takes in everything. The building. The city. She slowly INHALES. Holds her breath for twice as long. Then slowly EXHALES. Feels the gentle breeze in her face. Mentally rests. She's alone.

She fiddles with her gold necklace. Her eyes land on Venus, stunning, diamond-like.

Her iPhone RINGS -- a unique ring. She knows who it is without looking at the caller ID.

DREW

Hey... Yep, it's mind-blowing. I wish you could see it... Uh-huh. Yeah, I know... Sonny Liston: "Life a funny thing."

Far in the distance, LIGHTNING FLASHES through the otherwise clear night sky.

DREW (CONT'D)

I want you and your granddaughter to hear something.

Drew taps the speakerphone button on and turns her iPhone to the night.

Again, LIGHTNING FLASHES. FLASH FLASH FLASH.

DREW (CONT'D)

Count with us, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silently, they count the seconds.

One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three, one thousand four... -- till rewarded by a LONG AND LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER THAT CRESCENDOS IN A MIGHTY CRACK.

She taps the speakerphone button off. Then speaks into her iPhone:

DREW (CONT'D)

That's the sound of truth. "Just as sure as the turnin' of the earth."

(beat)

I know. Oh, before you go. I've got one for you: 1959.

(beat)

Nope. Want a hint?

THE END